# National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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**National Anti-Slavery Standard.**

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## Pro-Slavery.

### *ANOTHER PATHETIC APPEAL.*

ATCHISON, STRINGFELLOW AND CO. TO THE "PEOPLE OF THE UNION."

From The St. Louis Republican (Pro-Slavery).

We have received from Kansas City a printed paper intended as an appeal to the people of the United States in relation to Kansas affairs. It is quite long, and takes a general view of events as they have transpired in relation to that Territory since the passage of the bill for its organization. It is not necessary for us to transfer this portion of the Appeal to our columns, and we content ourselves with giving the last half of it.

To all this we submitted, under the promise that the laws should be enforced, our lives and property protected.

What has been the result? The House of Representatives proceeds with its efforts to disorganize our Government—set aside all our laws—to bring anarchy upon us.

The army falsely represented as our protection, is required to be disbanded, unless we are deprived of the protection of the law!!

Mass meetings are held in every non-slaveholding State, to contribute aid to the rebels and as-assins in our midst. National Conventions assembled to devise means for raising an army to destroy us. Lane—a traitor—a fugitive from justice, is permitted openly to traverse one-half of our States, enlisting an army to exterminate us. Not an effort is made to arrest him.

While the enlistment of a handful of aliens to fight against a foreign power calls forth all the energy of our Government—the zeal and activity of every officer, from President to City Marshal, to check it—is deemed, unatoned for, fit cause to hazard a war with the mightiest power on earth. An army is raised openly and boldly—is marched thousands of miles through States and Territories, under the command of a fugitive traitor, to invade our soil, subvert our government, exterminate our citizens, without an effort to stay its progress—without a word of disapproval.

Troops are enlisted from Boston to Cairo; the army is organized and equipped at Chicago—is marched through Illinois, Iowa and Nebraska into Kansas, and through the heart of our Territory—its progress is noted and heralded—its leaders stop by the way to proclaim the war of extermination he intends to wage against us—to gather, with the promise of spoils, recruits to his forces. The whole Government is paralyzed. The Federal, the State, the Territorial Governments, all alike dare not meet the invader. One branch of the Government alone is awake—the House of Representatives is active in removing obstacles from its path.

Lane with his army enters our Territory. His confederates in our midst, heretofore confining themselves to the assassination of individuals, the pillage, the burning of isolated dwellings, emboldened by his approach, begin to embody; they strip the country of horses to mount the invading army and chronicle its arrival by sweeping from before them every law-abiding citizen in the Counties of Lykins, Franklin and Douglas. They drive a whole settlement of unarmed citizens from the County of Lykins, burning their houses and destroying their property—they march thence to the town of Franklin, and attack the Postmaster, with whom a party of Northern men were boarding—set fire to the house, drive out the inmates, abuse helpless women who could not escape, rob the Post-Office, and taking a cannon which had been left there by the Sheriff. With this and their other arms they march to the attack of another Colony of Southern settlers in Douglas County, compel them to fly and abandon their dwellings and property—thence they go to attack the dwelling of Colonel Titus, batter it with cannon until he and those who had gone to his defence, are forced to surrender, when they are taken prisoners, his dwelling plundered and burned. They march thence to the very limits of our capital, and this as they avow, was only saved by the storm of rain that rendered their fire-arms useless.

All this was done under the very eyes of the troops of the United States, and no attempt is made to arrest them.

When Gov. Shannon, hoping that they would not harm him, who had saved them from unmerited punishment—who had, however unwittingly, so effectually protected them—ventures to Lawrence, which he had saved for them, and calls on them to release the prisoners they had taken, his life is threatened—he is told that they do not recognise him as Governor—that they are a portion of the "Army of the North"—are at war with the Government, and hold their prisoners as prisoners of war. They demand and compel him to exchange the gallant Titus and his fellow-prisoners for felons in custody, under arrest for arson and robbery. They have now become so bold that they make no secret of their intentions. They claim to be a portion of an army called by them "The army of the North," and to be waging a war of extermination against every man who is not an Abolitionist.

Gov. Shannon dared not await the arrival of his successor, but abandons his post, and leaves us without a Governor.

We have asked the appointment of a successor who was acquainted with our condition; who—a citizen of the Territory, identified with its interests, familiar with its history—would not be prejudiced or misled by the falsehoods which have been so systematically fabricated against us; one who, heretofore a resident as he is a native of a non-slaveholding State, is yet not a slaveholder, but has the capacity to appreciate and the boldness and integrity requisite faithfully to discharge his duty regardless of the possible effect it might have upon the election of some petty politician in a distant State.

In his stead we have one appointed who is ignorant of our condition, a stranger to our people; who we have too much cause to fear will, if no worse, prove no more efficient to protect us than his predecessors.

With, then, a government which has proved imbecile—has failed to enforce the laws for our protection—with an army of lawless banditti overrunning our country—what shall we do?

Though we have full confidence of the integrity and fidelity of Mr. Woodson, now acting as Governor, we know not at what moment his authority will be superseded. We cannot await the convenience in coming of our newly appointed Governor. We cannot hazard a second edition of imbecility or corruption.

We must act at once and effectively. Those traitors, assassins and robbers must be punished, must now be taught a lesson they will remember:

We wage no war upon men for their opinions; have never attempted to exclude any from settling among us; we have demanded only that all should alike submit to the law. To all such we will afford protection, whatever be their political opinions. But Lane's army and its allies must be expelled from the Territory. Thus alone can we make safe our persons and property—thus alone can we bring peace to our Territory.

To do this we will need assistance. Our citizens unorganized, many of them unarmed, for they came not as soldiers—though able heretofore to assemble a force sufficient to compel the obedience of the rebels, now that they have been strengthened by this invading army, thoroughly drilled, perfectly equipped, mounted and ready to march at a moment's notice to attack our defenceless settlements—may be overpowered. Should we be able even to vanquish this additional force, we are threatened with a further invasion of like character through Iowa and Nebraska.

This is no mere local quarrel; no mere riot; but it is War! a war waged by an army! a war professedly for our extermination. It is no mere resistence to the laws; no simple rebellion of our citizens, but a war of invasion—the army a foreign army—properly named the "Army of the North."

It is then not only the right but the duty of all good citizens of Missouri, and every other State, to come to our assistance and enable us to expel these invaders.

Mr. Woodson, since the resignation of Gov. Shannon, in the absence of Governor Geary, has fearlessly met the responsibilities of the trust forced upon him, has proclaimed the existence of the rebellion, and called on the militia of the Territory to assemble for its suppression.

We call on you to come; to furnish us assistance in men, provisions and munitions, that we may drive out this "Army of the North," who would subvert our Government and expel us from our homes.

Our people, though poor—many of them stripped of their all, others harrassed by these fiends, so that they have been unable to provide for their families—are yet true men; will stand with you shoulder to shoulder in defence of rights, of principles in which you have a common, if not deeper interest than they.

By the issue of this struggle is to be decided whether law or lawlessness should reign in our country. If we are vanquished, you too will be victims.

Let not our appeal be in vain.

D. R. ATCHISON, WILLIAM J. PRESTON,
B. F. TREADWELL, S. J. JONES.
JOSEPH C. ANDERSON, A. A. PRESTON,
R. G. COOK, J. H. STRINGFELLOW,
T. G. ROSSER, P. T. ABELL,
WILLIAM H. TEBBS.

August 26, 1856.

We, citizens of Missouri, urge our fellow-citizens and the citizens of other States to respond to the above call of the citizens of Kansas.

A. W. DONIPHAN, A. G. BOONE,
OLIVER ANDERSON, JESSIE MORIN,
B. J. BROWN, JOHN W. REID,
HENRY L. ROUTT, B. F. STRINGFELLOW.

### *KANSAS MEETING AT THE ST. LOUIS EXCHANGE.*

In accordance with a requisition signed by a number of our most influential citizens, a meeting was held, pursuant to notice, on Wednesday, the 27th ult., at the St. Louis Exchange, to devise means for the support of Southern rights and Southern emigrants in Kansas. The meeting was respectable in point of numbers, and notwithstanding the exciting questions which had drawn so many together, no wild enthusiasm was manifested. A deep-set determination, however, seemed to pervade the assembled mass, the import of which could not easily be mistaken. It was: that the rights of the South, under the Constitution, should not be trampled on with impunity.

At half-past 7 o'clock the meeting was called to order by Gen. Palfrey. He stated that as the South had taken the lead on the plains of Mexico, when the interests of the nation demanded a united struggle, she should now take the lead in defence of the Constitution, whose provisions had been disregarded, and of her cherished rights, which in Kansas had been set at naught. He then proceeded to nominate the following list of officers, which was confirmed by acclamation:

*President*—Hon. CHAS. M. WATERMAN, Mayor.

*Vice-Presidents*—First District: Col. Wm. Christy, Walter Cox, W. Bogart. Second District: Hon. D. Augustin, Hon. Jules Lavergne, F. A. Lumsden. Third District: W. C. C. Claiborne, P. S. Wiltz, John L. Lewis. Fourth District: Hon. F. Bouligny, J. M. Burke. Algiers: John Hughes, G. W. Lewis.

*Secretaries*—James McClosky, Samuel Harby, and D. C. Jenkins.

In taking the chair, Mayor Waterman modestly returned thanks for the honour which had been done him by a call to preside over the deliberations of so respectable an assemblage of his fellow-citizens. He then announced the speakers who were expected to address the meeting, and the names of a committee on resolutions.

Col. Christy, the first speaker on the programme, was welcomed to the stand by demonstrations of applause. He spoke for about fifteen minutes; but as there were no accommodations for reporters we cannot pretend to give anything more than a brief synopsis of his remarks. Long had he been accustomed to play his part on the political rostrum, but the stern logic of advancing years had suggested to him the propriety of yielding the place he had occupied to younger men. On this occasion, however, he had yielded to the persuasions of his friends and his own sense of right, and had promised to appear on the stand as one of the speakers of the evening. The respectability of the signers to the requisition for the meeting showed that the vital interests of the South were considered at stake, and that the stability of the Union even was thought to be in danger. When young he had buckled on the panoply of war, and had rallied at the call of his country—and now, as old men are required for council and young men for war, he would counsel the young men of the South to rally for the preservation of their constitutional rights. The people, the press and the pulpit of the North appeared to be making combined efforts to drive away Southern emigrants from Kansas, and it had become the duty of the South to oppose force by force.

He instanced the action of the Rev. Mr. Parker, whom he had formerly known as a slaveholder, and who had recently contributed largely for the purchase of Sharp's rifles, by which our brothers of the South have been murdered. In fact, continued the speaker, our country is at present in a state of revolution. The Government has been set at defiance, and the time for action has arrived. The other States of the South have already contributed to the support of Kansas emigrants and it is time for Louisiana to do its part. The object of this meeting, then, is to collect money and send emigrants to Kansas. It is not murderers that we wish to send, but *bona fide* settlers, who, at the ballot-box and elsewhere, will do their duty to the South and the Constitution.

No less a sum than $250,000 should be raised in New Orleans; and if that were raised, he (Col. C.) would find the men, and would guarantee that they would become settlers in Kansas.

The Committee on Resolutions, consisting of Messrs. J. M. Chilton, J. M. Bell, G. W. Logan, J. Bermudez and L. E. Forstall, then reported through their Chairman (Mr. Chilton) the following preamble and resolutions:

Whereas, organized bands of Free Soilers have lately invaded Kansas, with the avowed purpose of overthrowing its established Government and laws, and of murdering and expelling Southern emigrants from the Territory; and, whereas, after full and elaborate discussion, the Representatives, in the House of Representatives assembled, are endeavouring to fix upon appropriation bills unnecessary conditions which, if effected, will disable the President of the United States from the performance of his constitutional duty, as commander-in-chief of the army, to suppress insurrection and repel invasion, and thereby affording aid and succour to the lawless bands of Free Soilers in Kansas, and endangering the peace and union of the States, and provoking a civil war, which may not be confined in its extent to the limits of Kansas; and whereas, we, the citizens of New Orleans, convinced that the Northern States which have encouraged these outrages on the South are actuated only by inveterate hatred of the institutions of the South, which they neither study nor comprehend, and that a proper pride, and a just regard for our peculiar interests, require of us a prompt expression of our opinions and feelings, as well as such measures as are adapted to the impending crisis, have therefore resolved:

1. That the scheme organized in New England under the pretence of settling Kansas, but really with the view of driving from its territory all settlers who are not in favour of the prohibition of slavery, is indirectly in violation of the mutual good faith between the Northern and Southern States, on which the Constitution rests, is injurious and insulting to the Southern States, and is not only calculated, but deliberately intended to disturb, if not wholly destroy, the fraternal relations hitherto cherished between citizens of the free States and slaveholding States of the Union.

2. That in the action of the House of Representatives of the United States, attaching to appropriation bills necessary to the support of the Government conditions having no legitimate connection with the objects of those bills, we discover an inclination to abuse the power resulting from a numerical majority of votes, not only by a plain violation of constitutional duty, but by an appeal to the cupidity of the mean and sordid, and a menace to those depending on federal patronage, which we alike condemn and disdain.

3. That it is the duty of every patriot to condemn and denounce the course pursued by the Representatives of the Northern States in the lower House, as well as of the Senators from New England, during the late session of Congress in relation to the affairs of Kansas; and we solemnly protest against such conduct as a perversion of power, in violation of their oaths, for the purpose of defrauding the Southern States of their just rights to participate in the enjoyment of territory acquired by the common treasure of all the States of the Union.

4. That for every drop of Southern blood murderously shed by Northern emigrants upon the soil of Kansas, the South ought to devise such mode of redress as will punish the outlaws, aiders and abetters thereof, and to adopt such retaliatory measures as will "plague the inventors" of "Emigrant Aid Societies," and avenge the numerous victims of their diabolical designs.

5. That a committee be appointed by the President, at his leisure, with general powers, and especially to solicit subscriptions of money and other "material aid," to be applied to the payment of the expense of emigrations from the South to the Territory of Kansas, of such persons as desire to acquire pre-emption rights there, and who are also willing and able to defend that article of the Constitution which says: "A well regulated militia being necessary for the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed."

6. That we recognise and will entertain no feeling of amity or plan of compromise with such of the Northern States as systematically assail our institutions, and encourage the spoliation of our rights; and that we regard them so long as they persevere in this unwise and unjust course, as the irreconcilable enemies of the Southern States.

7. That if the Northern States persist in their present crusade against Southern rights, it is the duty of the Legislature of each Southern State to take such steps as will divorce the South from the North "peaceably if they can, forcibly if they must."

8. That the Governor of this State be, and he is hereby requested to correspond with the Governors of all the Southern States, with the view of creating a concert of action among the several Legislatures thereof, upon this subject, and if necessary, in his opinion, to convene our Legislature for the purpose of deliberating and determining upon the measures necessary at the present crisis.

Mr. Chilton urged the adoption of those resolutions at considerable length, and argued that the sending of armed bodies of men to Kansas by the North was an act of aggression towards the South which should not for a moment be tolerated by a spirited people. The object of the North was to exclude a Southern emigration, while the support of such an emigration was a duty which the South owed to herself, and which no false issues or deceitful compromises should cause her to forego.

The Hon. Geo. Eustis was the next speaker called, but not making his appearance, ex-Attorney-General Isaac E. Morse took the stand, and made a very sensible conservative address, which was received with marked tokens of approval.

The resolutions reported by the committee were then unanimously adopted, and as no other speakers appeared on the stand, the President adjourned the meeting, announcing that he would at his leisure appoint a committee of nine to collect subscriptions, &c.—*N. O. Picayune.*

## Selections.

### REMARKS ON THE *LETTER OF THE HON. RUFUS CHOATE,*

*To the "Whig State Committee of Maine." Written in answer to a Letter of the Hon. John Z. Goodrich,*

BY JOSIAH QUINCY.

HON. JOHN Z. GOODRICH—*Sir:* In your letter of the 15th instant, you request "my views and impressions of the letter of the Hon. Rufus Choate, which he addressed to the Whig State Central Committee of Maine, with the liberty of laying them before the public." I comply with your request, from the same irresistible sense of duty, which has drawn me, in the present exigency of our country, after more than thirty years' retirement from parties and politics, again into the contests of public life.

Of Mr. Choate I have no reason, or feeling, to speak otherwise than with respect. But he has thrown himself into the public arena, in defence, and for the upholding of the slaveholders' dynasty, and his work must be examined according to its nature and truth. It is no time to bandy compliments, when the Union of these States is in danger, or "to play with mammetts, when cracked crowns" are in the field. The first impression made upon the mind, on reading this letter of Mr. Choate is, that it is the work of an intellect affected by professional habits. It is a common subject of remark, that a long and active practice at the bar has a tendency to make oblique the intellectual vision, and to blunt the delicacy of the moral sense. I have heard this acknowledged and regretted by gentlemen of the bar themselves. The habit of looking at every question, not merely to discern what is in it of truth, but to see what can be made out of it, for a particular purpose, unavoidably gives to the intellectual eye a squint, which, in those distinguished for success in desperate cases, inevitably becomes fixed. To a mind thus habituated no question appears in its natural state, but always awry and one-sided. Both moral and intellectual investigations become, not a search after truth, but a trial of skill.

Considering also the nature and avowed awful consequences of the subject discussed, and the tenor of Mr. Choate's letter, it is obvious that he relies for success and influence, not so much on his statements and argument as on the foregone reputation; as if there was a hidden and mysterious power in what he should utter, making exactness unnecessary, either in statement or in logical illation. The whole has the aspect of a race between Prose and Poetry, striving for the palm of Fiction; by mixing together fancy and fact, metaphor and suggestion, assuming a little and asserting a great deal; as if, by the common arts of throwing dust into the eyes of a jury, those of a whole people might be mystified.

The truth of these general animadversions I shall endeavour to support by analysis and comment.

According to the plain and avowed bearing of Mr. Choate's letter, "The Union is in danger, a geographical party is formed, and bent upon changes which must result in its destruction." Can there be any subject more grave, or in its consequences more solemn? Might it not have been expected that Hercules, coming into the field to crush such serpentine adversaries, would have brought with him only his club, and would have borrowed nothing from Omphale's distaff? Let any man look candidly at this letter of Mr. Choate, and judge for himself, whether fancy does not predominate over fact, assumption over direct statement; unsupported suggestions made, where deductions might have been expected. One might as well attempt to analyze the contents of Milton's Chaos, before Satan took his flight through it, as such a mass of words.

The whole letter of Mr. Choate is founded on an assumption, which has no basis in truth. "A great crisis," cries Mr. Choate, "exists in the political affairs of our country. There is a new Geographical party formed, which must be defeated and dissolved." And then, as if what he had stated was as true as the Gospel, and could not possibly be controverted by any human being, he flies off, exclaiming, "ambition," "fanaticism," "violence," "the wild waters are in uproar," "the times are mad," "the very ecstacy of madness," and after declaring that "an unconsecrated Revolutionary banner is unfurled, out of which fifteen stars have fallen," proceeds to introduce "a National Anthem to the airs of Eutaw Springs, King's Mountain, Yorktown, New Orleans, Buena Vista and Chepultepec," finishing this mortal tramp with—as it might be expected he would—"breathe no more."

Now, in truth, the only question, at this time, in the political field, is between slaveholders and freemen, who are not slaveholders. A free citizen, who is not a slaveholder, nor a tool of slaveholders, is set up as a candidate for the Presidency, in opposition to a man who has been selected by slaveholders, avowedly because he is devoted to their projects, and has unequivocally manifested himself, both by language and acts, their most obsequious tool. The assertion and doctrine of Mr. Choate is that, inasmuch as slaveholders exist only in one quarter of the Union, the party opposing them and their projects are Geographical. How? Do slaveholders include all the inhabitants of the slave States? Is it not notorious and demonstrable that there are *not, substantially, more than one hundred thousand slaveholders* in all of them? Is it not undeniable that these owners of slaves form an oligarchy, which not only hold in bondage *three millions of negroes,* but also oppress with an iron sceptre *three or four millions,* at least, of white freemen, living within those States, who are degraded, at least most of them, by this cruel Slave Power, to a state, in some respects, lower than that of the negro? SLAVEHOLDERS ARE A CLASS, AND NOT A GEOGRAPHICAL SECTION. If slaveholders constitute a Geographical party, because they only exist in one quarter of the Union, the manufacturers of Lowell, for the same reason, also form a Geographical party.

Like them, slaveholders make, hold and sell articles for enjoyment and livelihood. At Lowell they raise the warp, feed the woof and sell cotton cloth, when it is of full length. In Carolina and the other slave States, they raise, feed and sell black men and women, when they are of full growth, and sometimes babies. Both are engaged in trade, both are anxious to enlarge the field of their traffic and multiply their customers. The manufacturers of Lowell, according to their nature, wisely, gently, kindly strive to extend the local sphere of their profit. The slaveholders, in Carolina and the other slave States, strive to do the same thing, according to their nature, by threat, violence and bloodshed. They have, by corruption, cunning and intrigue, chiefly held, for more than fifty years, political ascendancy in this Union. The manufacturers at Lowell, having by wisdom and skill acquired great wealth, and used it with an unsurpassed judicious liberality, have obtained an honourable influence, and have also, in their vicinity, acquired political ascendancy. Both are equally, or neither are, Geographical.

Mr. Choate next proceeds to make a declaration of faith; setting forth his creed in a style to which nothing can do justice but his own language. He believes that "it is only united America which can peacefully, gradually, safely, improve, lift up and bless, with all social, and personal, and civil blessings, all the races, all the conditions, which compose our vast and various family." Now, this declaration of faith, as far as I understand it, is my own; as I believe it is of nine-tenths, at least, of that party which he denounces as "Geographical," though no one of them, probably, could express it so happily.

Mr. Choate, having thus got the whole field to himself, in order to "arm and guard our flag, develop our resources, extend our trade and fill the measure of our glory," proceeds substantially to declare that no man on earth can do all these wonders, but James Buchanan. After this he goes on to describe what "a noble ship" the Union is, intimates the value of her cargo, declares she is "within half-cable's length of a lee shore or rock, and that our first business is to put her about and crowd off into the deep, open sea."

All this is very graphic and very true. But the first and natural inquiry of the people of the free States will be—how this noble ship got into this perilous state; and the next will probably be—whether the men whose incompetency, or iniquity, has placed her in such an awful predicament, are the men to be chosen "to put her about and pilot her into the open sea;" or whether every man of them shall not be sent into the forecastle, and never again be permitted to show their heads upon the quarter-deck. Mr. Choate next proceeds to be very particular for the noble ship's safety, and is especially anxious "for the stowage of her lower tier of powder." All which is very wise and very prudent. But, before assisting in its stowage, the people of the free States may be disposed to inquire—what use is to be made of this powder, in case the men, now governing the ship, should be continued in command? Whether it is to be applied to the further extension of slavery, blowing up the free institutions in Kansas and massacreing her free inhabitants?

All this, I think, the people of the free States will ask, before they assist Mr. Choate in stowing away his gunpowder. What remains of this letter, although there are in it some things very affecting and very exciting, about "unreasoning and impatient philanthropy," "turning into hate fraternal blood, and quenching at its source the spirit of national life," yet being nothing more than the workings of an active fancy on a supposititious existence called a "Geographical party," I pass over without comment; since I think I have shown satisfactorily that the existence of such a party is an assumption—a fallacy, without any foundation in truth. If it be true that slaveholders are a geographical party in this Union, and that no man is to be elected President of it who is not selected by and satisfactory to them, there is, henceforth, an end to the power of the free States. The fact and the consequence are both permanent, now and forever. No doctrine can more entirely deliver freedom, bound, body and soul, hand and foot, into the hands of slavery.

But, says Mr. Choate, "if the government is given to the North, I turn my eyes from the consequences; fifteen States will become alien to the Union." In this terrifying announciation, Mr. Choate only follows and repeats, in effect, the language of Brooks, the bludgeon-bearer of the slave States, who exclaims, as the newspapers tell us, "If Fremont is chosen, fifteen States will go out of the Union." This long practised threat, designed to excite into action the timidity of the capitalists of the free States, is uttered in coincidence with the avowed and often expressed opinion of members of the slave States and their tools. According to the slaveholder's belief, GAIN *is the aorta of the heart of the free States,* and whatever excites fear in the muscles of its ventricles, will never fail to create externally an action favourable to their power. This going out of the Union, however, will be found easier to bluster about than accomplish.

The slaveholders well know their own internal weakness; and have their own specific fears, which, although the inherent arrogance of South Carolina might lead her to undertake this "going out," the apprehensions of most, if not all the other slave States, would prevent them from following. It is a disgrace to the free States, that their timidity is the main pillar of the strength of the slaveholders, even in the slave States themselves. Whenever a slave State shall withdraw from this Union, it will present to the white inhabitants of that State, who are not slaveholders, and are in fact a majority, the awful spectacle of the arm of the Union withdrawn from their protection against the slaves of their oppressors, who, like the frogs of Egypt, are "in their houses, their bed chambers, on their beds, in their ovens and their kneading troughs." The danger of a slave insurrection, combined with their natural, inherent hatred of the slaveholders, resulting from their insolence and oppression, would soon effect a revolution, which would not only bring the State back into the Union, but reduce the slaveholders where they ought to be, in a state of political equality with the other white inhabitants of the slave States.

The belief of the slaveholders, that the root of their own power over the Union lies in *the money chests* of the States, is the source of that perpetual threat of going out of the Union, which on every occasion they utter. The condition of the free States is very much the same, in this respect, with that of Rome, eighteen hundred years ago, in which Cicero says, concerning their prosperous citizens, that they cared but little who governed the Republic, provided they enjoyed in safety their fishponds.

The natural alliance which commenced about thirty years ago, and has been strengthening ever since, between the cotton-growers of the South and the cotton-spinners of the North, is one of the main reliances of these slaveholders. They persuade themselves that the mutual interest thus resulting, establishes a sort of colonial dependence, on which they can rely for aid, in every critical exigency of their power. This, however, they know cannot be extended only according to circumstances. They acquiesce, therefore, in the abandonment of Mr. Buchanan by the cotton-spinners, because they know that his course has been such as to disgust the general moral sense of the Northern States.

They are content with the selection of Mr. Fillmore, because it will tend to draw away votes from Col. Fremont, this being quite as serviceable to their purposes, as if all the votes were thrown for Buchanan. This opinion of the slaveholders may be altogether imaginary. It shows, however, how well they judge concerning the effects of the policy, notwithstanding they may widely err concerning the motives which led to its adoption.

I have thus, according to your request, given some of my views and impressions, concerning this extraordinary letter of Mr. Choate. It suggests many other topics, on which I would willingly animadvert, but I have already done enough to show my respect for your wishes, and perhaps as much as the occasion requires.

I am, sir, respectfully, yours, &c., JOSIAH QUINCY.

Quincy, August 30, 1856.

### *RECEPTION OF BROOKS IN SOUTH CAROLINA.*

From The Carolina Times, August 30.

ON Thursday afternoon, the Hon. Preston S. Brooks being expected on the afternoon train on the Charlotte Road, a large number of citizens of Columbia assembled around the depôt to greet him on his arrival; but unfortunately for them, notwithstanding extensive preparations had been made, a very handsome coach and four, with neatly decorated horses, were in waiting, he did not reach the city until 4 o'clock yesterday morning—having been detained by his friends and admirers in the upper districts.

At an early hour on Friday morning the arrival of Mr. Brooks being known, many of his friends called at his quarters, and a committee of citizens waited upon him, especially to urge the propriety of his remaining over one day, notwithstanding his anxiety to reach home at as early a period as possible. The annexed correspondence will show the result of the action of the Committee through their chairman, the Hon. Mayor Arthur.

COLUMBIA, Aug. 29, 1856.

HON. PRESTON S. BROOKS—*Dear Sir:* On behalf of a Committee of the citizens of Columbia, I am instructed to request that you will designate some hour at which it will suit your convenience to meet your fellow-citizens of Columbia at the City Hall, for the purpose of receiving some testimonies of their appreciation of your gallant conduct in defending the honour of our State.

I take the liberty of suggesting 8 o'clock this evening as a suitable time, provided it suits your convenience.

I have the honour to be, dear sir, very sincely, your friend,
E. J. ARTHUR, Chairmain.

COLLEGE, Aug. 29.

MY DEAR SIR: It will give me pleasure to meet the citizens of Columbia, at the City Hall to night at 8 o'clock.

I have the honour to be, most truly,
Your friend and servant.
P. S. BROOKS.

At 8 o'clock the City Hall was so densely crowded that it was found necessary to move an adjournment to the street in front of the Court-House, upon the balcony of which Mayor Arthur presented to Mr. Brooks, in presence of the assembled mass of citizens, a handsome Silver Pitcher, a Goblet, and one of Mr. Peckham's finest Hickory Canes with a handsome gold head.

Each article was selected with great care, without regard to cost, by the citizens of Columbia, intended as a present to Mr. Brooks as an evidence of their unqualified approval of his course as a Representative, and especially for the prompt and appropriate manner in which he chastised the notorious Charles Sumner for his wanton abuse and cowardly assault upon the character of the venerable Senator from South Carolina, Andrew Pickles Butler, and the fair fame of his State.

The pitcher and goblet are beautiful specimens of the skill and taste of Messrs. Radcliffe and Guignard, at whose establishment they were purchased.

Mayor Arthur, on making the presentation, delivered a very handsome and appropriate speech, as follows:

COL. BROOKS: On behalf of the citizens of Columbia, it becomes my pleasing duty to present to you this pitcher, goblet and cane, as testimonials of our high appreciation of your recent conduct at Washington City. They were prepared some time since for presentation, but supposing that it would be more agreeable to you to receive them here in the midst of your own fellow-citizens, they have been withheld for this occasion. I trust, sir, that I may be permitted to add that it is not alone, that you have visited with merited castigation the vile slanderer of the State which gave you birth, that we delight to honour you, but because your conduct throughout the trying scenes through which you have since passed, has been such as to win the applause of honourable men, and to justify our pride in claiming you as one of Carolina's noblest sons.

It is needless for me to allude more particularly to your noble bearing and gallant conduct in maintaining the honour and interests of your State, for let me assure you, sir, they need no other record than the hearts of your countrymen, where now they are already inscribed in characters which time cannot efface.

Allow me, sir, on behalf of the citizens, to welcome you to Columbia, and to tender to you our warm congratulations on your triumph over the malignant slanderers of your State and race, and to assure you of our cordial sympathy and approbation.

After the conclusion of Mayor Arthur's remarks, Col. Brooks advanced to the front of the portico, amid the cheers and applause of the multitude, and delivered a speech of nearly an hour in length, a brief, meager, and very inadequate synopsis of which we give. He thanked the citizens for the compliment paid him on this occasion, and for the sympathy which his course had received. It was the spirit which actuated him to do the deed, more than the deed itself, which deserved their commendation. It was a deed which was the result of a high sense of duty, and any man who held his honour above reproach would have acted, under similar circumstances, precisely as he did.

An ordinary castigation was nothing to excite a people as had this act of his excited the North. Abolitionists, seeking excuses for their vile slanders, had made it a pretext for more fanaticism. It was curious that the castigation of a Black Republican should beget so extraordinary an excitement. But they had used this act of his—executed under the highest sense of duty—as an instrument to kindle more fires of fanaticism. Their motive was political power; they wished to enjoy the patronage and the emoluments of the Government.

Every foot of the way from Washington to this city he had met with kindness from the people of the South, and it gratified him to believe that were he to travel to the extremest verge of the South he should meet with the same hearty welcome as he had experienced here and elsewhere.

He would not say there was no honour or moral courage at the North; he knew there were some men of as true courage at the North as elsewhere. But what he wished to say was, that the moral tone of mind which would lead a man to become a Black Republican would make him incapable of courage, and would involve a loss of all honour and moral principle whatever.

It was plain that the defeat of the Army bill was the act of the Black Republican majority in the House of Representatives. He was most glad of it, though he had voted for the original bill, he was of opinion it ought to fail. He voted for it from a sense of duty, not liking to do evil that good might follow. The loss of the Army appropriation would not injure the South, because all the money nearly was expended at the North.

He rather wished the Army Appropriation bill would not pass, because it would effect the removal of the United States soldiers from Kansas and leave the people of the South free to go there and cut the throats of Lane and his abolition comrades. We know the Black Republican platform: it is our duty either to counteract them or meet them boldly, face to face, and battle for our rights.

Their principles were, the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, the prohibition of the inter-State slave trade, no more slave territory, &c. Will they carry out these principles? The election of Banks as Speaker of the House of Representatives, and the defeat of the Army bill teach us that we should meet and prepare to defend ourselves. With right upon our side, we should meet and conquer them.

All of us agreed that if we could not live in equality in the Union our only course was to dissolve it. He was a coöperation disunionist—the same as he was in 1851. He felt convinced that South Carolina would respond to his position.

When he said lately in the House of Representatives that he had it in his power to raise a revolution, it was no egotistic boast. He felt that he had done as much as any one man to concentrate the feeling of the South, and when he spoke of revolution, he knew that had he stepped forward and smote one of their Abolition crew in the House, their enmity to him would have precipitated them against him, and then his friends would have covered the floor of the House of Representatives with human blood.

He now came to a delicate question—the Presidency. The only hope for the South was to support Mr. Buchanan. His opponents were Fremont and Fillmore—the former a soldier who had never won a battle, a politician who had never made a speech; his birth-place, too, was as hard to fix upon satisfactorily, as was the identity of his father. Fillmore was a man of unexceptionable moral virtue; but between Fremont and Fillmore he would prefer the former, because the great issue would be precipitated, although he was as much an Abolitionist, having voted to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, against the admission of Texas, and had opposed the administration of Franklin Pierce for his course on the Missouri Compromise.

Buchanan, the speaker frankly admitted, was not his first, second, or third choice, but his last. His first choice was Franklin Pierce, because he had manifested a disposition to give the South her constitutional rights. After Pierce, he was in favour of Douglas—a true friend, who had perilled his life by his position on the Nebraska bill, and who had the smoke and scars of the battle upon him.

There must be compromise everywhere—in society, in law and in politics. Buchanan was the standard-bearer in the coming contest, and the platform upon which he stood was the right one for the South. If its principles were carried out, the Government would be restricted to the condition of a constitutional administration. Why should we refuse to take a part in the battle? If we are bound to have civil war, and if we must dissolve the Union, we must do it with a full appreciation of the consequences. He thought there would be no child's play when the conflict did come.

On the second Monday in November next the great question would be decided. For his part, if Fremont, the traitor to his section, should be successful, it was his deliberate opinion that on the fourth of March next the people of the South should rise in their might, march to Washington, and seize the archives and the Treasury of the Government. We should anticipate them, and force them to attack us.

In conclusion, Mr. Brooks said he felt it to be an obligation upon him to devote all the energies of his life to repay the generous sympathy with which he had been met by his fellow-citizens of the South and South Carolina; and that whenever an occasion offered he would be ready to stand up in defence of his State. In the language of a distinguished citizen of our State, he would say that through good and evil report, for weal or for woe, he would stand by South Carolina.

At the conclusion of these remarks (which were frequently interrupted by hearty applause), one general shout arose from the assembled crowd, and they quietly dispersed, but soon after reassembled with a band of musicians and repaired to the temporary residence of Col. Brooks, determined to give him a good old-fashioned Richland serenade, which was admirably sustained by the band of the Richland Volunteer Rifle Company, interspersed with a display of fireworks in front of the Congress House.

The whole affair reflected credit upon the citizens.

### *LETTERS OF INQUIRY POLITICALLY.*

WE are receiving letters like the following, from various quarters, a single reply to which must answer for each and all:

MIDDLEBURY, Ind., Aug. 23, 1856.

DEAR SIR: It is stated in this part of the country that you are advocating the election of John C. Fremont for President. Will you please inform me if it is so or not, and further, if the Abolition party give their support to the said John C. Fremont? By so doing, you will oblige me, and correct misapprehensions.

Truly yours, ADAM ROMIG.

MEADVILLE, Pa., Aug. 14, 1856.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON—*Dear Sir:* Being confident that there is much misrepresentation in reference to your political position, to the great detriment of the Republican party, I beg of you to give, in answer to this note, a brief statement of your views in relation to the Republican party, and their candidate for the Presidency. Flaming documents are being circulated in this vicinity, filled with extracts from your paper, proving the Republican party to be a disunion party. Now, if I have not for many years been under a gross misapprehension, you and your anti-slavery associates refuse to exercise the elective franchise under the Constitution of the United States, and disclaim connection with any of the political parties of the day. I used to read your paper, and understood that to be your position. Hence, I think it unfair and ungenerous to make a political bugbear out of your disunion expressions, to the prejudice, in weak-minded persons, of the Republican party; and believing that you can have no desire to see that party defeated by such false representations, I earnestly request that you will disown John C. Fremont (unless you do really support him) as your candidate.

Please be so kind as to define your position in relation to that party, in a short or long epistle, as you may think fit, and direct it to me through the mail. State how long since you have voted, whether your associates have voted, and whether you have advocated (as is alleged) the election of J. C. Fremont to the Presidency. Is it not all an electioneering lie? Please state whether, in your opinion, the election of Fremont or Buchanan would best promote the dissolution of the American Confederacy. With much respect for you and your cause, believe me, Yours, &c., F. H. BEMIS.

If those who are so anxious to know what is our position in regard to the approaching Presidential election would but consult a single number of THE LIBERATOR (or, better still, subscribe for the paper for a limited period), they would need no letters from us to enlighten them in the manner solicited. Our Meadville correspondent is confident that our views are much misrepresented, and he is right in his belief. By pseudo Democratic journals, we are charged with advocating the election of Fremont; and by the Republican organs we are held up as the partisans of Buchanan! The falsehood and dishonesty of such representations are well understood by those who put them in circulation. For more than a dozen years, we have uniformly reprobated all political action under the Constitution of the United States, and at all times branded the instrument as "a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell," strenuously and solemnly urging upon

they will claim all south of 36 deg. 30 min. Yield that, too, and the next day they will invade the States, expel the slaves and seize upon our lands; for agrarianism is already a part of their programme—the ballot-box their sword of Brennus.

*The election of Mr. Buchanan may, and, probably, will, originate a reaction in public opinion that will encourage the extension of the conservative institution of slavery*, and the extension of the British and Southern European races, for the very purpose of stemming and turning back the torrent of infidelity, materialism, sensuality, agrarianism and anarchy, that threatens to overwhelm us from the prolific hive of Northern Europe.

*The election of Mr. Buchanan would be a reactionary movement in favour of slavery and conservatism.* The election of Fremont, certain and immediate disunion. The election of Fillmore would subsidize the Barbarians, by yielding them the lands north of 36 deg. 30 min., increase their numbers and their rapacity, and only postpone disunion to a period when it would be more perilous than at present. Besides, his election might go far to wean the affection, confidence and attachment of the Catholics from our institutions, who are now their best stay and support. They might then think that the rule of the Pope would be better than no rule—the government of pirates better than the anarchy of infidelity. Conservative as Mr. Fillmore and most of his friends pretend to be, the compromise which they propose is but a step towards Black Republicanism, a subsidy offered to the Goths. The South must not yield one inch—the religious, patriotic and conservative North must not yield an inch, but to vote for Mr. Fillmore will be to yield an ell.

Let the South present a compact and undivided front. Let her show to the barbarians that her sparse population offers little hopes of plunder; her military and self-reliant habits, and her mountain retreats, little prospects of victory; and her firm union and devoted resolution, no chances of conquest. LET HER, IF POSSIBLE, DETACH PENNSYLVANIA AND SOUTHERN OHIO, SOUTHERN INDIANA AND SOUTHERN ILLINOIS FROM THE NORTH, AND MAKE THE HIGHLANDS BETWEEN THE OHIO AND THE LAKES THE DIVIDING LINE. LET THE SOUTH TREAT WITH CALIFORNIA, AND, IF NECESSARY, ALLY HERSELF WITH RUSSIA, WITH CUBA AND BRAZIL.

A common danger from without, and a common necessity (slavery) within, will be sure to make the SOUTH a great, a united, a vigilant and a warlike people. Outside pressure and inside necessity, are the only parents of true national greatness. Greece, Rome, Judea, Carthage, Phœnicia, all owed their greatness solely to these causes. Their removal introduced laxity of morals, effeminacy, misrule, anarchy and final ruin.

The North will have no principle of cohesion within, no common danger binding together from without. The situation and straggling extent of her territory, will render union difficult. The predominance of different European races will make it impossible. One-half her territory (that in the East) will starve in a year if divided from the Western half; and yet the division is sure to take place. Socialism, communion, infidelity, licentiousness and agrarianism, now scarcely suppressed by union with the conservative South, will burst forth in a carnival of blood. The social system of the South is sure to beget strong and permanent governmental institutions and a lasting confederation. That of the North will beget revolution with more rapid iteration, more bloody execution and more direful consequences than the same system has brought forth for seventy years in Western Europe.

May abolition be put down, infidelity banished from the land, sectional hatred appeased, and the Union preserved! If not, let the South be prepared for the worst. —*Richmond Enquirer.*

## *OFFICIAL CORRESPONDENCE ON KANSAS AFFAIRS.*

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, Aug. 26, 1856.

SIR: The present condition of the Territory of Kansas renders your duties, as Governor, highly responsible and delicate. In the instructions heretofore communicated to your predecessor, in February last, in the annual message to Congress of the 24th of the previous December, and in orders issued from the War Department, printed copies of which are hereby furnished, you will find the policy of the President fully presented. It is first, to obtain order and quiet in the Territory of Kansas; and, secondly, if disturbances do occur therein, to bring to punishment the offenders. Should the force which has been provided to obtain these objects prove insufficient, you will promptly make known the fact to the President, that he may take such measures in regard thereto as to him may seem to be demanded by the exigencies of the case.

It is important that the President should be kept well informed as to the state of things in Kansas, and that the source of his information should be such as to insure its accuracy. You are, therefore, directed by him to communicate constantly with this department. Such facts as it is deemed important to have early known here, you will cause to be transmitted by telegraph as well as by mail. The President indulges a hope that by your energy, impartiality and discretion, the tranquility of the Territory will be restored, and the persons and property of our citizens therein protected.

I am, sir, &c., &c., W. L. MARCY.

To his Excellency, John W. Geary, Governor of Kansas Territory.

In a letter to the War Department, dated August 22, General Smith speaks of exaggerations relative to contemplated attacks, but says that, "On the assurance of both the Governor and Major Sedgwick, that there are 800 armed men assembled at Lawrence, who can be increased to twelve hundred, and that it is expected they would attack and destroy the capital of the Territory, Lecompton, I have ordered Lieutenant Johnston's 2d Cavalry to go there with all the troops at Fort Leavenworth, except a small company and have ordered all the men from Fort Riley, except a small garrison, to the same place. I have sent down to have all the troops, recruits and others at Jefferson Barracks, to be sent here, and will send them and any companies of the Sixth that may arrive to reinforce the command on the Kansas, if necessary. A large force may prevent any violence—a small one might tempt to the commission of it."

He further says: "I enclose also a communication from an officer of the militia on the northern border of the Territory, showing how contradictory and inconsistent are the accounts spread over the country, for the party that Lane brought from Iowa is on the northern border and on the Kansas at the same time. Col. Sumner's regiment cannot now muster 400 men, including Capt. Stuart's company, on its way to Fort Laramie, and a detachment under Lieut. Weston, *en route* for Fort Kearney, with the Sioux prisoners. Lieut. Col. Cooke's six companies have a little more than 100 horses."

A letter from Gov. Shannon to General Smith, dated Lecompton, says that he (Shannon) had just returned from Lawrence, whence he had been with a view of procuring the release of nineteen prisoners that were taken, and that he saw in that place 800 men who manifested a fixed purpose to demolish the town. Gov. Shannon further remarks that he knew they intended an attack, and that, too, in a very short time, and that it would seem the business of "wiping out," as it was called, of the pro-slavery party had been commenced. Under these circumstances Gov. Shannon requests General Smith to send from the fort all his disposable force.

Major Gen. Richardson, of the Kansas militia, August 13, says to Gen. Smith: "In addition to the extra herewith enclosed, I have received reliable information that a state of actual war exists in Douglas County, and that in other parts of the Territory, within this division, robberies and other flagrant violations of law are daily occurring by armed bodies of men from the Northern States. In the absence of all information from the Governor of the Territory, I have taken the liberty of exercising the authority in me vested in cases of invasion, by ordering out the entire strength of my division, to rendezvous at various points of the division, to await further orders."

Gen. Smith, in his instructions for the officers in command of a detachment of United States troops, ordered to assemble in the neigbourhood of Lecompton on the requisition of the Governor to repress insurrection, concludes as follows: "The General begs and directs you to avoid, as long as possible, any appeal to arms. Use every endeavour in your power to bring those who are in opposition to the law to the sense of their error. Avoid especially small conflicts, and consider the shedding of a fellow-citizen's blood as the greatest evil that can happen, except the overthrow of law and right, which must end in civil war. But when the necessity of action and the employment of force does unhappily arise, employ it at once with all the power and vigour at your command—but continue it only until you have suppressed the insurrection, and then interfere to prevent any cruelty from others. The Governor of the Territory should, if possible, take means to keep the prisoners arrested under his authority, and such as hereafter may be taken. Their custody embarrasses the troops and diminishes their efficiency."

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, Sept. 2, 1856.

SIR: Reliable information having reached the President that armed and organized bodies of men, avowedly in rebellion against the Territorial Government, have concentrated in such numbers as to require additional military force for their dispersion, you will have the militia of the Territory completely enrolled and organized, to the end that they may, on short notice, be brought into the service of the United States upon the requisition of the commander of the military department in which Kansas is embraced. You will furnish by companies, or regiments, or brigades, or divisions, such numbers and composition of troops as from time to time you may find on his report to you to be necessary for the suppression of all combinations to resist the laws of the United States, too powerful to be suppressed by the civil authority, and for the maintenance of public order and civil government in the Territory.

W. L. MARCY.

To his Excellency, J. W. Geary, Gov. Territory Kansas, Lecompton.

Jefferson Davis to General Smith, September 3, says: "Your despatch of the 22d of August, and enclosures, sufficiently exhibit the inadequacy of the force under your command to perform the duties which have devolved upon ou in the present unhappy condition of Kansas. By orders and instructions heretofore communicated, to meet the exigencies, the President has directed the Governor of the Territory to complete the enrolment and organization of the militia, as you will find fully set forth in the enclosed copy of a letter, addressed to him by the Secretary of State; and the President has directed me to say to you that you are authorized from time to time to make requisitions upon the Governor for such military force as you may require to enable you to execute your orders and suppress the insurrection against the government of the Territory of Kansas; and, under the circumstances heretofore set forth in your instructions, to give the requisite aid to officers of the civil government who may be obstructed in the due execution of the law. Should you not be able to derive from the military of Kansas an adequate force for these purposes, such an additional number of militia as may be necessary will be drawn from the States of Illinois and Kentucky, as shown in a requisition, a copy of which is here enclosed. The views contained in your instructions to the officers commanding the troops, under date August 19, are fully approved, and accorded so entirely with the purposes of the Executive as to leave but little to add in relation to the course which it is desired you should pursue.

"The position of the insurgents, as shown by your letter and its enclosures, is that of open rebellion against the laws and constitutional authorities, with such manifestation of purpose to spread devastation over the land as no longer justifies further hesitation or indulgence. To you, as to every soldier whose habitual feeling is to protect the citizens of his own country and only to use his arms against a public enemy, it cannot be otherwise than deeply painful to be brought into conflict with any portion of his fellow-countrymen; but patriotism and humanity alike require that rebellion should be promptly crushed, and the perpetration of crimes which now distract the peace and security of the good people of the Territory of Kansas should be effectually checked. You will, therefore, energetically employ all the means within your reach to restore the supremacy of the law, always endeavouring to carry out the present purpose to prevent unnecessary effusion of blood. In making your requisitions for militia force, you will be governed by the existing organization of the army and the laws made and provided in such cases. When companies, regiments, brigades or divisions are presented to be mustered into the service of the United States, you will cause them, before they are received, to be minutely inspected by an officer of your command appointed for that purpose."

Jefferson Davis, September 3, to the Governors of Kentucky and Illinois, says: "To suppress insurrectionary combinations against the constituted government of the Territory of Kansas, and to enforce the due execution of the law against armed resistance, I am instructed by the President of the United States to make this, his requisition, upon you for two regiments of foot militia, to be furnished to Major-General P. F. Smith, of the United States army, commanding the military department of the West, whenever the exigencies of the public service shall induce him to call upon you for said troops, to be employed for the purposes above indicated, within the limits of said Territory."

## *GOV. BASHFORD ON KANSAS AFFAIRS AND THE PROTECTION OF WISCONSIN CITIZENS.*

IN his message to the extra session of the Wisconsin Legislature, convened on the 3d inst., Gov. Bashford says:

"Kansas is now in a state of civil war, growing out of the mal-administration of the Government of that Territory, and the determination to force slavery upon it—not by the people of the Territory, but by the people of Missouri, and other slaveholding States. For that purpose they have controlled the elections in that Territory, by mobs and at the point of the bayonet; its Legislature has been elected by the people of Missouri; laws have thus been enacted that are disgraceful to the American character; the property of the actual settlers has been destroyed without authority or law, and the people themselves in many cases brutally murdered. At this very time, the free settlers of the Territory are being driven from it, by the people of Missouri and other slaveholding States; while the National administration is apparently accessory to this subversion of their rights, or unwilling to protect the people of that Territory from these outrages. The course to be pursued by the State of Wisconsin, in this emergency, I will leave to your judgment to determine.

"I am well satisfied that the only way to maintain harmony among the States, both North and South, is to restrict slavery to its present limits. This was evidently foreseen by the founders of this Republic, who, by the Ordinance of 1787, dedicated by freedom of all the territory then belonging to the United States, and prohibited slavery or involuntary servitude therein; intending thereby to place it beyond the power of Congress to extend the bounds of slavery and forever to stop its agitation.

"Since your adjournment, it has come to my knowledge, from reliable sources, that many of our citizens of this State, while going to Kansas Territory, for lawful purposes, and while upon the rivers of the United States, made public highways by the laws of the United States, have been seized, their property taken from them, and they imprisoned, and their lives put in jeopardy by the people of Missouri and other slaveholding States. These outrages have become so frequent, that I have felt it to be my duty to call your attention to them, that you may devise some legal and constitutional way, if within your power, to protect our citizens and to redress their grievances; the General Government being impotent for that purpose, or willfully neglecting to do it.

"As lovers of freedom and the Union of these States, it is our duty to oppose the further increase of slave territory, preventing slavery thereby from cursing new territory; from making dishonourable free labour as it inevitably must where it comes in competition with it; from strengthening a system which threatens to destroy the fraternal feeling among the States, and the Union itself; which disgraces us among the nations of the earth; and which begets an evil and domineering spirit among those connected with it, inconsistent with a republican form of government.

"It is absurd to suppose that Slavery and Freedom can exist together harmoniously, while the Congress of the United States is continually enlarging the rights of slavery, and repealing sacred compromises for the purpose of forcing it into free territory.

"The only way to maintain a friendly feeling among the several States of the Union is to dedicate the Territories to freedom, and when that becomes the settled policy of the Government, the agitation of the question of slavery will cease.

"Slavery is the direct cause of the present exasperated state of feeling between the different portions of the Union; it is the only brand of dissension which threatens permanently the peace of the country and endangers the perpetuity of our Republican institutions. Peace and safety can never result from magnifying and aggrandizing the source of all this disturbance and danger; but, on the contrary, must be sought by restricting it and diminishing its power, to prevent sectional strife and bitterness.

"The extension of slavery is not only antagonistical to the policy of the founders of our Government, but to the very spirit of our institutions; it tends to subvert them by putting slavery and freedom on an equality, to compete with each other for the possession of our territorial domain. Every dictate of patriotism and enlightened statesmanship bids us confine that baneful institution within its present limits, and preserve the Territories for the triumphs of free labour and the beneficent agencies that accompany it—Free Schools, a Free Press, and the enterprise and greatness which are their unfailing attendants.

If this policy shall obtain, the day is not distant when the broad domain lying between the Mississippi and the Pacific Ocean, will be studded with a constellation of States, all free, crowned with the blessings that follow in the footsteps of freedom, and so many pledges of the perpetuity of the Union and the free institutions of our common country.

## *THE SLAVE POWER IN KANSAS—LETTER FROM COLONEL CURTIS.*

THE following important letter from Colonel Samuel R. Curtis, who has just been elected to Congress from the Southern District of Iowa, appears in the Ohio *State Journal:*

KEOKUK, Aug. 17, 1856.

W. T. BASCOM, ESQ.—*Dear Friend:* Yours from the room of the Central Committee was duly received, and among many congratulations no one was more welcome. We have had a fierce and desperate struggle, which has proved more successful than we anticipated. It was the importance of the *prestige* which I foresaw the Iowa election must give to the Fremont movement, which induced me to enter upon the campaign. I expected wounds and bruises, but did not anticipate my own election. The opposition in this district was unfortunately divided between Mr. Selman, American, and myself; so that aside from the fact of an old Democratic majority against us, I considered the division certain to defeat me. But I was enlisted for the war after certain points had been gained in the Republican platform, and I hoped to assist in the Iowa result. It would have ruined our cause to have heard the first voice of a Free State chiming in with the doleful sound which I knew would come up from the Southern States that spoke on the 1st Monday of August.

The success of Iowa is *all* I hoped for; my success is superadded to my expectations.

As the conflict proceeds, I have many fearful forebodings. The success of Buchanan will inspire the nullifiers of the South with desperate determination. It is not the South we have to contend against; it is the *nullifiers* of the South who have snatched the reins of Government, and are determined to drive the country into civil war and disunion.

A friend arrived last evening from Nashville, Tenn., who informed me that he saw a company of ninety men, *en route* from South Carolina, all armed and *uniformed*, marching through Nashville, to join the Southern forces in Kansas. The Buford regiment was precisely of this character. Men coming from the remote Southern districts not to *settle*, but to *fight* in Kansas. If Buchanan is elected, how can such movements be checked?

I tell you, sir, the leaders of the Slave Power are only moderate now for the purpose of carrying the elections. If successful their usurpations and oppressions will be terribly augmented in Kansas, and blood will decide the issue between the South and the North. My trip to the frontier, where I was in close proximity to the scenes of desolation and national disgrace convinced me of the sad reality that civil war actually exists. At this present time there is a kind of armistice effected by the interposition of the United States troops during the present political canvass. But the forces are still manned and mustering on the Missouri frontier, awaiting the event of an election, which they confidently hope will approve of their former and justify a further effort to subdue and exterminate the settlers of Kansas. There is no fun or frolic in this campaign. I have not, and do not, treat it as a matter of sport. The issues are too fearful and vital to the Union and to the peace of the country. The persecuted and terrified families that have been driven from Kansas, who met me and told their tale of sorrow, with tears and trembling, have filled my heart with a feeling of fearful and awful responsibility which will give tone to my speeches during this campaign of 1856.

Truly your friend, SAMUEL R. CURTIS.

## *THE HABEAS CORPUS NOT DESIGNED FOR THE RELIEF OF FREE SOILERS.*

From The Evening Post.

ON Tuesday, September 2, Lois H. Brown, wife of Geo. W. Brown, now held a prisoner by Marshal Donaldson, in Kansas, to await trial upon an indictment for high treason against the United States, appeared before Justice Curtis, of the United States Supreme Court, at Pittsfield, Mass., with a petition for a writ of *habeas corpus*, in her husband's behalf. Petitions in behalf of the other prisoners against whom similar indictments have been found, were at the same time presented. All the petitions recite the facts connected with these treason cases, which have already been made public.

Mrs. Brown's petition ends by praying that the writ may be issued and directed to Cassius M. Clay, of Kentucky, who is a suitable person to execute and return it. The petition is sustained by affidavits from the petitioner, A. H. Reeder, Samuel C. Pomeroy, Charles A. Foster and Alanson St. Clair. The application for relief by *habeas corpus* was made under the 14th section of the "Judiciary act," so called, of 1789.

John Joliffe, Esq., of Cincinnati, and John A. Andrew, Esq., of Boston, appeared on behalf of the petitioner. It was contended by the counsel:

That, as it is settled law, by the decisions of the Supreme Court, that this Court (in the exercise of its appellate jurisdiction over the inferior United States Court) has the power to issue writs of *habeas corpus*; and as the section quoted above provides "that either of the Justices of the Supreme Court shall have power to grant writs of *habeas corpus* for the purpose of an inquiry into the cause of commitment;" and as the 33d section of the same act gives power to any "Justice of the Supreme Court" to admit to bail persons under indictment for capital offences, even against the United States; and as the Supreme Court is not now in session—that any Justice of that Court has the power to issue the writ, and that, when sued, it will run into any part of the dominions of the United States.

Judge Curtis held, on the authority of Kaine's case (14 Howard, 103), that he had no power to issue any process save the process of the Circuit Court for his own circuit, which could not avail, because, unlike the process of the Supreme Court, it can be served only within the district where it issues.

The *Tribune*, which reports this case, adds:

"Thus, by a failure in the Process Acts to provide for any method by which a single judge may send a process out of his own circuit, there seems to be a failure of justice, unless when the bench is in session.

"It is likely either that the framers of the acts of Congress supposed that the power to grant a writ implied the power to grant such a writ as would run into any part of the territorial jurisdiction of the Federal Government, or else that they did not reflect that some portions of the people do not fall within the limits of any Judicial Circuit of the Supreme Court, which is the case with the territories. Kansas is within no Circuit. Only the Supreme Court seems to have power to reach the case and provide an adequate remedy. Will that Court afford it? The case made by the petitioner present a claim of absolute right."


# National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPT. 13, 1856.


## *MR. MAY AND THE REPUBLICANS.*

IN the last STANDARD we published a letter from our esteemed good friend, the Rev. S. J. May, of Syracuse, which, as the writer is not a Disunionist, and had never acquiesced in the almost universal understanding of the Constitution, we had thought it not worth while to answer. But a second and more careful reading in print revealing to us how completely our friend, in his new zeal for this fragmentary anti-slavery action through a political instrumentality, has permitted himself to forget the wide and all-embracing purpose of the movement with which for five-and-twenty years he has been identified, we are prompted to reply. For there are persons, no doubt, who, supposing Mr. May and ourselves to look upon the anti-slavery cause from the same stand-point, will deem his letter as perfectly satisfactory and conclusive, and as almost convicting us of a factious spirit and a dishonest purpose in refusing to slide with him into the Republican party. Perhaps it is useless to appeal to the candour of such persons, for he who falls a victim to one of these epidemics of political madness, which periodically sweep over this country, is so possessed with the delirium of the fever that he is abandoned, for the time being, of his judgment, his common sense and his power of ratiocination. It may be, nevertheless, that we may strengthen some ailing brother, suffering with premonitory symptoms; at any rate, we shall make for ourselves a clean record, to be remembered, perhaps, at some future time, with the same satisfaction that we recur now to that of twelve years ago, when we had to suffer in a similar dispensation for Henry Clay and the annexation of Texas.

Mr. May has determined to vote for Fremont. We have little fault to find with him, in his present state of mind, for that, though we regret, for his own sake, that mental condition. To any man who believes that the paramount duty of the Abolitionist at this crisis, is to prevent the introduction of slavery into Kansas; who sincerely believes that slaveholding Ruffianism will be awed into a peaceful and gentle behaviour by a popular election; and who expects that the slaveholders, and their allies, the present Administration, will quietly wait for the question to be settled till after the power of the Government has passed out of their hands—to such an one, we have no hesitation in saying, vote in God's name. We, indeed, do not believe the mountain will move for all his faith, but let him hold to his faith, and act upon it, nevertheless, with all his might, till such time as he sees with his own eyes that the mountain has moved never an inch from its everlasting foundations. If it be by a political party that this great question can be settled, then it behooves those who hold to that opinion to accept the best it can get in a time of need. A political party is nothing without numbers, and numbers it must get by yielding here a little, and there a little, content to approximate to the final triumph of a principle by gaining a little to-day and a little to-morrow. The Republicans, in sincerity of purpose, are a long way in advance of any other political organization, that has yet appeared with anti-slavery professions, possessing the least prospect of success. Voting Abolitionists who hope to accomplish anything through such parties need no apology for giving it their suffrages. Here, we understand, is Mr. May's position.

But such is not ours. We do not believe that any political party, trammelled and fettered, as it must be, by constitutional obligations, bound by the Compromises which created and sustain the Union, entangled by party concessions, limited by narrow expediencies, compelled to consider "availibility" rather than long devotion to principle in its representatives, can ever achieve the emancipation of the Southern slave and the Northern subject. In nothing, indeed, does this very Republican party so much commend itself for its honesty, as in this—that it does not make any pretentions to anti-slavery further than may serve to bring back the country to one of its earliest principles, namely: the exclusion of slavery from the Federal Territory. But, as a party, it does not pronounce a condemnation of slavery in the States. It avows its willingness and determination to maintain all the generally accepted compromises of the Constitution. It will abide by the three-fifths rule. It will return fugitive slaves—even Mr. May's own Jerry. It will not meddle with slavery in the District, nor prohibit the Domestic Slave Trade. It will not restore their political rights to the free black, either in Kansas or elsewhere, and has not a place on its platform even for Frederick Douglass whose coat has turned a third side outward in their favour. We have faith, that it will try to do the little that it promises, simply because it promises so little, even as in times past we mistrusted Whigs and Democrats because they promised so much. For men prodigal of profession are apt to be niggardly of performance, and the reverse of the rule we hope will prove true of the Republicans. Still their work is not ours.

If the anti-slavery movement is to throw its power and influence, its zeal and its hopes, into this one effort to bring the nation back to where it stood half a century ago, then that movement, so far as its ulterior purpose is concerned, may as well never have existed. If we have only to labour to be as well off as we were in '20, the work we began in '30, to better our national position, was a mere work of supererogation. The very aim of the anti-slavery movement at that time was, and has been ever since, to render impossible precisely such exigencies as exist at this moment, by extirpating their cause. The fact that the exigency has arisen, and of which anti-slavery has been a continual prophecy, is not only a justification of the devotion of the Abolitionists to the great idea of Immediate and Unconditional Emancipation, but is the strongest proof that on that alone rests our salvation as a free people.

Mr. May, we are sure, will agree with us—as indeed every thoughtful man must—that but for the anti-slavery movement, but for the seed of truth which the humble anti-slavery press, the persecuted anti-slavery lecturer have sown so diligently, and watered so freely with blood and sweat, for this quarter of a century, no Republican party could have been at this moment in existence to confront the Slave Power in its rapid march to complete dominion. But is that march stayed? Will this advancing host fall back in confusion and defeat at the first sign of successful resistance? We, at least, do not believe it. As this party is the successor of its weaker forerunners, so stronger successors are to stand in its place. If it is successful in its immediate purpose its work is done; and if it is not it must be dissolved into its original elements to be re-formed when new events shall create new necessities. In either case there stands the inevitable and inexorable foe, never slumbering, never idle, marching ever forward with its steady tread to new conquests. Can we spare in that time, as sure to come as such times have come before, the watchful and solitary sentinels, who have lit the warning torches and run with them from post to post to arouse the people and set the country in a blaze?

We know to all this our friend will answer: but we will hold fast to the integrity of the anti-slavery enterprise; our moral energy shall not be lost in our political activity. Those weapons we will snatch up again when these are useless.

Can that be? Consider it for a moment. Let us wheel our forces into the Republican camp, and each of us turn his hand to the work that lies nearest to it to do, under our new Captains. Some of us may pay our dollar to the nearest Republican Club, talk Kansas and Fremont to our neighbours, faithfully vote the Republican ticket and be allowed, possibly, to become vote-distributors at the polls in November. This for the men. For the women—they, with our Motts, and Fosters, our Grews and Holleys and Blackwells may retire each to their "appropriate sphere." Garrison, perhaps, may arrive at the dignity of welcoming Mr. Banks home from Washington, and Phillips be invited to make an oration at a Burlingame reception. Both may be tolerated as the moving spirits of a Ward Club, and possibly be honoured with carrying an illuminated banner, or a "lantern dimly burning" in a torch-light procession. Those of us who have hung upon their eloquence, and renewed our failing strength, through all these dark years, at the fountain of their inspiration, may learn from them new phrases of condemnation of Border Ruffianism, and listen to their stirring portrayal of the disastrous results that must follow when slavery shall extend to the foot of the Rocky Mountains. And when November shall have come and gone, where are we? Our watchfires have gone out; our arms are rusted and broken; our host dispersed, wearied and disheartened, seeking in vain, if they seek at all, for their lost leaders; and those leaders striving in vain, in solitary places, to call about them their old followers, and to conjure with the old watchwords. Is this the consummation for which our friend has so earnestly laboured and devoutly prayed these five-and-twenty years?

He will answer with an indignant NO, and deny that any such result can follow his adhesion to the Republican party. We admit that the anti-slavery cause will not be lost even if one or two of its adherents, here and there, shall forget it for a season. The worst that will happen, in such cases, is that the individuals may lose themselves. But if it be true that Mr. May can best serve that cause, at this moment, by acting with the Republicans, he must, of course, believe that Garrison, and Quincy, and Phillips, and Jackson, and all the rest of us would act wisely in following his example. Where then shall we find, two months hence, the cause of the Abolitionists? The picture we have just drawn is not over-coloured. The intimate association of so many years, for one great purpose, once broken, and that purpose lost sight of; new relations created, and new objects of interest descried in the dizzy and dusty whirl of politics, and we should be a people wandering in the wilderness having lost the Ark of the Covenant. Whether the Republicans shall have carried their point or not, and brought the country back to those halcyon days of 1820, when slavery was prohibited north of 36 deg. 30 min.; the Abolitionists, at least, will have got back to within ten years of it—to 1830. Their work will have to be begun anew.

It must be begun anew, if a distinctive anti-slavery movement shall still be needed—as we believe it will—because we shall have submitted to a moral dissolution, committed a *felo de se* upon our own organization, and transmigrated, with what soul we had left, into a new body. Only on one condition can this not be true. If, indeed, Mr. May be right, after all, that the crisis really *has* come, and that the people are ready for it, then truly our special work is over, and we have nothing to do but transfer the *Liberator* and the *Standard* to the *Tribune* and the *Herald*, dismiss our lecturers, shut up our offices, and go into the general fight with what strength we have left, and as opportunity shall offer. But here is the issue between him and us, and this is the very root of the error which we think he is committing. He does, but *we do not trust the Republican movement, well as we think of it, for anything more than it professes and promises.* Its rank and its file, its press and its rostrum are, in a large measure, and in everything, except this one matter of Kansas, as far from anti-slavery as they were a year ago. True, they are sometimes overruled for good by better men, men earnest and sincere for the good cause; and we trust that, in due time, through the prayers and labours of their friends, and the stripes showered upon them by their enemies, they will come to a sense of their miserable condition. But now they are so strong and so many, that they also in their turn override the better men, and stamp the party with their own character. They compel it to temporize and qualify, to palliate and deny, to deprecate and compromise; they fear lest the party should go too far; they cry peace when there is no peace; they would conciliate and mollify by gentle words those tender-hearted Christians who dwell on the other side of Mason and Dixon's Line. A party with such an element, in large measure, is not the one into whose untried hands we can hand our staff of accomplishment. It is not yet ready for Revolution. It will not abolish slavery if we are to continue as United States; or dissolve the Union if slavery is not abolished. But till it will make that issue between the North and the South, we, for our part, shall stick to the "old organization."

## *LETTER FROM OLIVER JOHNSON.*

SALEM, Columbiana Co., O., Sept. 2, 1856.

THE Western Anti-Slavery Society which assembled in this place on Saturday last to hold its Anniversary, adjourned last evening after a harmonious and profitable session of three days. The intense political excitement now raging here, and which is kept at fever heat by the usual appliances of party, served to prevent the attendance of some who, in any other year than that of a Presidential election, would no doubt have been present, so that the meeting was not, in point of numbers, quite up to the usual mark. In no other respect, however, was there any falling away from the high standard of a Western Anti-Slavery Anniversary. It was sad to note the absence of not a few noble spirits, who, since my last visit to Ohio, three years ago, have gone from their earthly to their heavenly work, and sadder still to find that some who formerly rejoiced in bearing the reproach of uncompromising Abolitionism have been entangled in the meshes of politics. But, in spite of the inroads of death and defection, the Western Anti-Slavery Society has still a fearless and undaunted host to bear up its unsullied banner in the face of the leagued cohorts of the Slave Power, and to utter its stern rebukes in the ears of those who, under the guise of friendship for the cause, would compromise the principles of justice and freedom. In point of numbers the meeting was by no means small, while in moral power it was great and even imposing. Parker Pillsbury was warmly welcomed by his Ohio friends, who, loving him for his works sake, were glad of another opportunity of listening to his words of eloquence and power. A. T. Foss was here also, in the fulness of his Boanergian vigour and straight-forward earnestness. Samuel May, Jr., the vigilant and clear-sighted General Agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society, came for the first time to a Western Anniversary, giving it the benefit of his ripe experience in counsel and his unanswerable logic upon the platform. Francis Jackson, too, was here, to the great joy of many who were glad to take the hand and look in the face of one whose rare fidelity and invaluable services in the cause long since won their respect and veneration. On Sunday, Mr. Jackson yielded to the earnest solicitations of many friends of the slave, and, on being introduced to the meeting, made a brief but exceedingly pertinent and forcible address. With Mr. Jackson came also another and a younger soldier in the cause, Charles Hovey, of Boston, whose eloquence utters itself in the Treasurer's Report rather than upon the platform. His large-hearted and enlightened devotion made his presence and counsel peculiarly welcome. The list of friends from abroad would not be complete were I to omit to mention the name of that sterling friend of the cause, Thomas Whitson, of Pennsylvania, whose unpolished, but unique and forcible addresses were a valuable contribution to the eloquence of the occasion; or of Wm. C. Nell, of Boston, who delivered, on Monday forenoon, a carefully prepared address upon the relations of the cause to the moral, social and political elevation of the free people of colour. This address was replete with sound argument and illustrated by many pertinent and encouraging facts.

A meeting addressed by such champions of freedom as I have named above could hardly be dull or uninteresting; but the home talent present on the occasion was scarcely less eminent than that from abroad. In proof of this I need only mention the names of Elizabeth Jones, Marius R. Robinson, Howard W. Gilbert, Josephine S. Griffing, Benj. S. Jones and James Barnaby. Mrs. Jones, on Sunday evening, at the Town Hall, before a crowded auditory, read the lecture which she delivered last Winter in Philadelphia, Worcester and other places at the east. It was in all respects a capital performance, and made a deep and salutary impression. Parker Pillsbury followed in a speech which, for eloquence and power, was equal to the best of his efforts on former occasions.

Not a single representative of the Republican party availed himself of the oft-repeated invitation to the members of that party to come forward and vindicate its principles and policy. Rev. Abraham Pryne, editor of the Ravenna *Reformer*, addressed the meeting in a very forcible manner on several occasions, chiefly in support of principles common to the friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society and the political supporters of Gerrit Smith, but incidentally criticising the arguments of Disunionists and advocating the peculiar theories of the so-called "Radical Abolitionists." He was heard with respectful attention and without limit of time; and yet, when Mr. Pillsbury, in the quietest manner, ventured to question the "good taste" of some of his utterances, he lost his temper and accused the Society, or its managers, of hypocrisy and falsehood in pretending that its platform was free! It was not enough that he had been permitted to say all that he desired, without interruption; the platform was not free, forsooth, because those who built it claimed for themselves the rights they accorded to their opponents! Mr. Pryne is a man of decided ability, and I would not by any means question his sincerity; but his combativeness is excessively morbid, and, when under its influence, he seems incapable of doing justice either to himself or those who differ from him.

The resolutions adopted are of the most thorough and uncompromising stamp, setting forth with great clearness the doctrines of the American Anti-Slavery Society and applying them with emphasis and earnestness to the present position of the American Church and Government. The spirit of Compromise of the Republican party, as exhibited in its platform and the position of its candidates for President and Vice-President, and in its endorsement of Slavery and the Fugitive Slave law as embodied in Dunn's Kansas bill, was faithfully exposed and rebuked. The proceedings of the Society will appear in the next issue of the *Bugle*. O. J.

## *POLITICAL ECONOMY OF MURDER.*

IT has been proclaimed by the captains of the Border Banditti that Missouri will be despoiled of one hundred millions of her property by the Free State men of Kansas, should they ultimately gain the ascendency there. If the assertion is not believed it will not be for lack of zeal and effrontery in reiterating it. It is possible that Atchison has repeated it so often that he has come to believe it himself. Of course, justice, freedom, plighted faith, inalienable and constitutional rights, peace, industry, order and property itself, except it be invested in human flesh, must all go down before these hundred millions of dollars, in a new sense almighty. The argument, *ab inconvenienti* of the slaveholder is to carry it over the dearest and most sacred rights of freemen.

This, in substance, is the pretension *openly* advanced by Border Ruffianism. It forms, in some shape or other, the burden of the robbery and murder manifestoes issued from the dens of Buchanan, Platte and Jackson Counties. It is the slogan at which the collective chivalry rush to butcher unarmed men, burn their towns and dwellings, capture ladies' apparel and earrings, violate their persons and steal boxes of cigars and babies' clothing. At present it is "the music of the Union." Shannon keeps step to it (when he is in a state to keep step) at the head of his "territorial militia."

In the observations we are about to make, we propose to grant, for the sake of argument, what bully Atchison and his bottle-holders assume, that all human and constitutional rights are to knock under to the pecuniary interest of slaveholders. The only liberty we propose to reserve is that of inquiring whether the interest of our gracious masters will really suffer to the extent of $100,000,000 by the establishment of Liberty instead of Slavery in Kansas.

The number of slaves in Missouri, according to the last census, is 87,422. At the average price of $500 (the highest yet estimated), these are worth $43,711,000. Thus we dock off from Atchison & Co.'s account $56,289,000 at the first dash.

But Missouri has long been environed on two sides by free States, Illinois and Iowa; consequently, whatever depreciating effect is to be apprehended from the proximity of such States has already been, and will continue to be, wrought upon *one-half* of the area of Missouri, even if Kansas should be a slave State. This results from the Ruffians' own statement, and reduces the amount to be charged to the predatory operations of Free State men in Kansas to $21,855,000, and this without claiming anything for the conservative influence of Arkansas within her healthier vicinage.

Since the admission of Missouri into the Union, her slave property has increased 328 per cent. It has more than doubled every ten years. Alabama was admitted one year before Missouri. With the exception of sixty miles of sea coast, Alabama is wholly surrounded by slave States, and yet, though one of the greatest cotton States, the increase of her slaves has only kept pace with the like increase in Missouri. In both there have been three reduplications and a third in thirty years.

But nearly two-thirds of the Missouri slaves are nearer to Illinois and Iowa than they are to Kansas and Arkansas. Those nearer to the two former are 56,342, worth about $28,000,000. Those nearer to Kansas are 30,000, and to *Arkansas* 2,000! Thus the utmost cent of property in human flesh which freedom, should it be established in Kansas, can steal or taint, would be $15,000,000. In reality, however the Ruffians are entitled, by their own reasoning (if the bellowing of brutes may be called reasoning), to those slaves only, who are protected from contagion by the pure and wholesome contact of Arkansas; because Kansas, up to the enactment of iniquity on the 30th of May, 1854, was a free Territory. No slave could be taken to it without instantly becoming free by the common law, even as administered in slave States. We know there is a grand conspiracy to subvert that rule, but it still stands, and will stand in spite of Border Ruffianism on the Bench.

Upon their own principles, then, what is there left of Atchison, Stringfellow & Co.'s $100,000,000? Just $100,000, the value of the 2,000 slaves living under the blessed shadow of Arkansas. All the residue, being $99,900,000, should, by their own showing, be already annihilated, having always been by the side of free States and free Territory. This is to grow

"Small by degrees and beautifully less."

But the blusterers are not yet so small but that with a little more pricking of the pen they may be made a good deal smaller.

Missouri has ten Counties contiguous to Iowa and twelve to Arkansas. Let us compare these Counties in respect to material wealth and other elements of civilization, individual and social happiness and progress.

# From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CXCVI.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent on Strange Bed-fellows—Of the Fremont Barbecue—His opinion of the Entire Animal—Of the Grove—Of the Whig Convention—He mourneth over the days that are gone—Of Insanity and Mad Doctors—He promiseth to attend one more Convention—The Mordecai at the Gate—He endeth with an illustration from Natural History, &c., &c.

BOSTON, Sept. 8, 1856.

You cannot expect a letter this week full of the exciting intelligence which marked my last one. Such an event as the Fusion of the Garrisonians with the Democrats cannot happen every day—any more than a Coalition of *The Herald* and *The Evening Post* and *The Tribune*—between which last two respectable papers I saw *The Satanic* sandwiched the other day, in a list of Fremont presses. Truly, politics *do* bring men acquainted with strange bed-fellows, when they tuck up Bennett in the same truckle-bed with William C. Bryant and Horace Greeley! They will all have to rise from it, however, sadder if not wiser men the morrow-morn after the Seventh of November, or whenever it is the Election comes, so certain must be the victory of the combined forces of Garrison and Buchanan. I need hardly say that it is part of the plan that the first-named gentleman is to succeed Mr. Buchanan in the White House after the next four years. Such an arrangement is of course taken for granted in all such combinations. We may therefore look upon the Union as safe for at least eight years to come. And that, perhaps, is the average expectation of life of a subject of so very vicious a Constitution.

I suppose I must tell you about something, though I can hardly think what it will be. Did I tell you about the Fremont Pic-Nic in the Charles River Grove, at Needham? I believe not, though I rather think it came off before the date of my last letter. I felt it my duty to go thither, as an impartial spectator and historian of the times as they pass, so I accompanied your late Corresponding Editor, of whose society I confess myself fond, in spite of the many just complaints I have had to make of him. The day was one of the finest that was ever turned out by the Clerk of the Weather. I should be inclined to think that functionary had joined the Republican ranks, had I not had so many reasons for believing him to be a Garrisonian Abolitionist. When we arrived on the ground, it was as pretty a scene as you could well conceive. The multitude was immense, and showed so, notwithstanding the great extent of the ground. The Grove is, in fact, a kind of small forest rather than a grove, with high wooded hills and deep bosky dells and the sweetest walk along side the river that you could desire to see on a Summer's day. A great tent was pitched for the dinner on a cleared space, and, with its many flags and streamers, made a mighty pretty object. There were three stands for speakers which were all in use and surrounded by as many people as could hear, amounting to a great many thousands, and yet there were illimitable numbers meandering all about and sitting in groups under the trees on all sides. It was certainly a very great demonstration.

I ought to beg its pardon, however. It was not a Pic-Nic—it was a Barbecue! This Southern institution was transplanted for the nonce to Massachusetts as an additional attraction to the multitude. A whole ox was roasted on the ground—the operation being conducted by several Southern Gentlemen on their travels, recently arrived by the way of the Underground Railway, who had been act and part of such wholesale cookeries before they left the Sunny South for the inhospitable North. I must be allowed to say, however, that I hope this institution of the South will not take root among us any more than those others which are the peculiar growth of her general soil. I must say that a less appetizing object never met my eyes before. I remember to have seen an ox roasted whole in some engraving or other—I rather think in one of Hogarth's—so I was prepared for a disgusting object. But my preparation had not filled me to relish the spectacle. I think our Southern brethren had better be permitted to have the monopoly of such holocausts. I did not attend the dinner in the tent so I did not see the final disposition of this burnt-offering; but am told that it was carried in bodily and then cut up with cleavers by the travelling gentlemen aforesaid and distributed among the hungry guests. It is my notion that bodily form and presence of the animals we feed upon had better be disguised as much as possible before being offered to us as food. One should like to interpose a thin cloud between the slaughter-house and the dinner-table. This is one of the main charms, I take it, of the science of French cookery. Animals cooked whole belong to barbarous ages and communities, and so properly enough to slaveholding countries, and I hope this will be the last attempt to revive it in New England.

I did not attend much to the speaking. Indeed, it was hardly possible to get near enough for the purpose, so I occupied myself in exploring the recesses of the wood and the romantic banks of the stream. It was not so, however, at the next political meeting I assisted at (as the French say) which was the Convention of the Whigs, which, I believe, I hinted at in my last as a thing to be. It assembled at the Tremont Temple, and O, how changed from those Conventions, which it used to be my delight to describe in the good old days gone by! It was, indeed, the Ghost of what it was. Formerly, it was triumphant, exulting, insolent—sure of supremacy in the State and hopeful of it in the Nation. It represented a great party, strong in wealth and talent, which looked as if it never could fall from its high estate. Ten years ago the Whigs had all the money and pretty nearly all the talent and respectability in the State. There was personal respectability in the old Liberty Party, but its political weight was as nothing. The Whigs had everything that could seem to promise perpetuity of power and increase from strength to strength. But slavery which has demoralized so many parties did its business for this also. Its eagerness to bid for the good-will of the slaveholders led them to lighten themselves of the slight mask of Anti-Slavery professions they had once thought it expedient to assume, and, as usual in such cases, they lost their power at home while they were cheated of their hopes at Washington.

If I were disposed to preach, which I never am, I could preach a very pretty sermon on this text. But I will spare you and your congregation this interference with the duties of your pulpit. And, besides, we ought not to be hard on the Whigs (what are left of them), seeing that they are only a wing of our new allies, the Democrats. Their only tendency, if not their only aim, is to put our candidate, Mr. Buchanan, into the Presidency, so we ought not to regard them as the chief of sinners, especially as our coadjutors evidently regard them as eminent saints. But it is mournful to consider to what straights they are reduced for speakers, since they excommunicated almost all their ablest men for holding, and, what was worse, preaching, the doctrines of their own creed. They have to ring what changes on Mr. Winthrop and Mr. Hillard as their compass admits of. These two gentlemen bore the brunt of the day on Wednesday, and, considering the very slight nature of their materials—the very scanty topic of their brief, they did very well. Then Mr. Stevenson, a worthy gentleman whose oratorical infirmity I have lamented to you more than once, was all they had to show for Sumner, and Wilson, and Palfrey, and Dana, and the host of eloquent speakers they have cut adrift from them from time to time. Mr. Choate, too, having ratted from them deprives them of his gyratory graces and undulatory intonations. So that they are rather miserable sinners it must be confessed, poor fellows!

I see the newspapers of the Republican type have been making mock of the Whigs for having nominated a Mad Doctor (Dr. Bell, late of the Maclean Asylum) for Governor, as if they understood their case and had sense enough at least to call in the particular kind of medical aid they stood in need of. The only thing I saw that looked like what Dr. Bell might term "a specific delusion," was their avowing their belief that they should elect Mr. Fillmore President! Surely, a wilder vagary never entered the brain of a lunatic. However, it is only a relapse, after all, for most of these unhappy sufferers believed the same of Mr. Webster, whose chance was never worth the tithe of Mr. Fillmore's, now. A few years total abstinence from power, however, may have a salutary effect on their distempered imaginations and restore them to a *modicum* of reason. But, to leave this painful topic, I think I shall attend one more political convention this year, more on your account and posterity, than my own, and that is the Republican one at Worcester, next week. I think there may be things done and suffered there, worthy of note and record. Gov. Gardner is a sad Mordecai at their gate. He is like one of these dear creatures whom it is equally hard to live with or to live without. If they don't nominate him, or decline nominating any one else (which I understand he would prefer), they are afraid of offending the Know-Nothings everywhere and of selling him or trying to break up their Congressional elections. If they *do*, they are afraid of disgusting many of their own party here and the Foreign Voters here and elsewhere. So they are somewhat in the fix of those "amphibilious animals," the showman told of, "what di in the water and can't live on land." But we shall see what we shall see.

D. Y.

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MR. SPEAKER BANKS SAVING THE UNION.—It will be recollected that the heaviest charge against Mr. Banks in the protracted struggle for the Speakership, last Winter, was that he had said that, in a certain contingency, he would "let the Union slide." In a speech the other day, at Waltham, Mass., where his constituents gave him a reception, he took occasion to set himself right on this question. He is not disposed, it seems, under any possible circumstances to permit any such thing to happen to the Union. He speaks with a great deal of "entusymusy" on the subject. It will stand, he evidently thinks, "amid the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds," a monument to all eternity of the wisdom of man.

Perhaps Mr. Banks thinks and feels all he says. If so, we are sorry for him, and have only to beseech him to enter, at once, into that institution which the Whig party of Massachusetts has provided for itself. And we are charitable in saying so, for it is a good general rule to judge by—that when a politician begins to talk about the Union he is certain to be meditating treachery.

Here is what Mr. Banks says:

"I am a friend of the Union of the States; I have never been otherwise. At no moment of my life, in no paroxysm of indignation, under no feeling of excitement, have I ever uttered a word or cherished a thought except that of the highest veneration and deepest love for the Union of these States (loud cheers). Long may it continue as it is, unchanged! Long may it continue!—so long as the stars of the firmament of God above us shall be the bright prototypes of the stars of our glorious Union! But I have to say what I know to be true, that in no event of human history will the Union of these States be dissolved. Sir, I can anticipate as well as any man, the danger of this country. I know there are momentous periods of human action impending over us; that results may flow from this action that will affect the Government under which we live, and the destiny of Republics so long as time, man and earth shall last. These events are close upon us, and we are likely to be actors in those great events. I can conceive that the government of the United States, instead of being a free happy Republic, may become a government of absolute power, directed by the will of one man, owning no responsibility either to States or people, and that man sustained in his will and action, by a standing army all powerful to sweep over East, West, North and South, to whatever common centre of insubordination or insurrection shall be placed before it. I can conceive, sir, that our noble Constitution—that instrument of marvellous felicity, which, prepared by a few men seventy-five years ago, in the feeble light of the civilization then dawning upon them, and intended for a few hundred thousand people gathered together in thirteen Colonies or States—that instrument of marvellous felicity, I say, that adapts itself without change of letter, or comma, or sentiment, to a nation that swells to the Atlantic and the Pacific, that takes in States of feeble civilization about us, and that is looking northward to the Russian and the British possessions, and means to connect itself by trade, if not by government, with every State that exists on the Northern and Southern continent. I can conceive of a time when this Constitution shall not be in existence, when we shall have a military dictatorial government, transmitted from age to age, with men at its head who are made rulers by military commission, or who claim a hereditary right to govern those over whom they are placed. But the dissolution of these States will never come. No party that has possession of the Union will allow the minority to break the bands. They may *subject* us, they will never *divide* us. Whether the government is that of a republic, or that of a monarchy, or that of an absolute despotism, the love of the Union will be deep in the hearts of rulers and ruled so long as the history of man shall last. Indeed, it is a glorious structure; and it were as easy to look on this scene of loveliness and beauty before me, and not feel the heart warm to its centre, as to look on the history and power of our Union under the Constitution of the United States, and not feel veneration for it. In view of this, I cannot entertain the idea that the Union is to be dissolved. I labour, then, in security against the anticipated ill, believing that it can never happen, to substitute for that universal wrong and servility now impending over us, the principles of freedom and that equality which every citizen is entitled to claim from the government and institutions of his country."

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ELECTIONS.—The Republicans, last week, were rejoicing over a majority in Vermont of about Twenty Thousand in the election of Governor, but this week they are carried away with enthusiasm at the result in Maine, where the Republican candidate for Governor is chosen by probably fifteen thousand majority, and the candidates of the party for Members of Congress are all elected. Maine is one of the Northern States on which the Democrats relied with great certainty as sure for Buchanan. So overwhelming a defeat, so much more complete than any one dared to predict, is held by the victorious party, and with reason, as a prestige of the result in November. Maine is sure for Fremont.

Three of the Northern States have now held elections, and have chosen an entire Republican delegation to Congress—namely:

IOWA.....I—Samuel R. Curtis,
II—Timothy Davis.
VERMONT.....I—Ezekiel P. Walton,
II—Justin S. Morrill,
III—Homer E. Royce.
MAINE.....I—John M. Wood,
II—Charles J. Gilman,
III—Nehemiah Abbott,
IV—Freeman H. Morse,
V—Israel Washburn, Jr.,
VI—Stephen C. Foster.

And two of these are chosen in place of retiring Democrats. These, with F. P. Blair, of Mo., adds a round dozen to the Republican force in the House.

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A REMARKABLE SCHOOL.—A correspondent of *The Independent*, writing from Exeter, New Hampshire, mentions many celebrated graduates of "Phillips Academy" in that town. He says:

"Daniel Webster was a scholar here, and afterwards a trustee; and it is said that at his last visit to Exeter, a year or two previous to his death, he stood an hour or more in silence, leaning upon the rail around the green, in contemplation of the scene of his early studies and sports. Lewis Cass, who was born in Exeter, also attended here; and I suppose that Jared Sparks, the biographer, and George Bancroft, the historian, will not be ashamed to have it known that they were *charity scholars* at this same academy. Among the many other noted names on its catalogue are those of Hon. John P. Hale; Edward Everett, and his brother Alexander; Senator Dix, of New York, and Saltenstall, of Salem; Dr. W. O. B. Peabody, of Springfield, Mass., and O. B. W. Peabody, both of whom are now deceased; Richard Hildreth, of Boston; Dr. Daniel Dana, of Newburyport; Prof. Thacher, of Yale College; and Nathan Hale, LL.D., of Boston. John P. Robinson, and the unfortunate Gov. Dorr, of Rhode Island, were classmates here. Robinson, who was once expelled for having headed a rebellion of the students, in reviewing on one occasion the after career of each of his classmates at the academy, said that his own *began* in a revolution and Dorr's *ended* in one.'"

Mr. "John P. Robinson, he" might have said that Dorr's career ended in a revolution, and his in a song.

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FREMONT AND THE DEMOCRATS.—*The Tribune* and *The Times* state, on authority, that the statement which we copied last week, from a Detroit paper, referring to overtures made to Col. Fremont by the Democrats is incorrect. The mistake, however, seems to have been mainly as to persons and details. *The Tribune* adds that "gentlemen of influence and character in the Democratic party, of the South and the North, desired to present the name of Col. Fremont to the Cincinnati Convention as a candidate for the Democratic nomination; and that Col. Fremont, anticipating correctly the platform and character of the nomination which that Convention would be compelled to make, did not favour in any manner the proposition." The essential truth of the statement, therefore, remains unimpeached.

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THE COLOURED PEOPLE, in imitation of the "white trash," have an order of Odd Fellows among them, which met in this city last week to commemorate the 12th Meeting of Annual Movable Committee (whatever that is) of the Order. There were delegates present from New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston and Washington, and, after marching through the principal streets, assembled in the Tabernacle, to listen to an oration from the Rev. Bro. H. H. Garnett, which is reported as of an high order of merit. An intelligent spectator in the crowd on Broadway observed that there was a marked difference from former years, in similar gatherings, in the perfect respect with which the procession and their friends, on the sidewalks, were treated.

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THE WHIGS OF MASSACHUSETTS met together in Convention one day last week, in Boston, and very fittingly nominated the physician of an Insane Asylum as their candidate for Governor. We hope, for their sakes, that he will be chosen, and that they will all be properly taken care of. They woul dfill about one ward of a good sized hospital. It is as clear that their minds run in that direction, as "Maggy's" did, who crowned the list of earthly blessings belonging to the happy prince, with—"hospitals!—hospitals, and lots of chicking!"

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EDWARD G. PARKER, the man who was the counsel of the slavehunter in the Sims' case in Boston, is lecturing for Fremont in Rhode Island. Wouldn't our friend Mr. May like to preside at a meeting for him in Syracuse? Suppose he should invite him and Douglass to lecture there together? We are inclined to think if it was "free meetin," and they all three eased their minds, that it would be, as Friends say, a very tendering season.

"Lo! what an entertaining sight
Are brethren that agree."

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SPEAKER BANKS.—Mr. Banks returned last week to Massachusetts, and was met by public receptions at Worcester, Waltham and other places. The assemblies were large and very enthusiastic, and gave the most unqualified approval of the course of Mr. Banks.

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MR. GARRISON, after an absence fr m home for the benefit of his health, announces his return to his post in the last *Liberator*, renovated in bodily strength, and much benefitted by his excursion. May his shadow, as long as he carries one about with him, never be less.

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EX-GOVERNOR JOHNSTON, of Pennsylvania, has withdrawn his name as the North American candidate for the Vice-Presidency. We learn, on good authority, that it is his intention to give his support to the Fremont and Dayton ticket.

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☞THE REPUBLICANS of Ohio reckon their meetings by the acre. At Massilon, on the 27th, about ten acres of them had an enthusiastic and satisfactory time of it.

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## *KANSAS.*

THE reign of ruffianism is again asserting itself in Kansas by new outrages, by the committal of every crime known to the law from rape to larceny. The latest news by telegraph is that the town of Osawatomie had been sacked and burned; that in a fight between the Border Ruffians and the Free State men, 300 on a side, the latter had been defeated with a loss of twenty killed and several wounded, while in the opposite party only five were wounded; that Leavenworth had been taken, its inhabitants driven out at the point of the bayonet, two of them by the name of Phillips, brothers, killed, and all their property destroyed or stolen; and that the Iowa road is entirely closed by armed bands of Missourians. We must wait for the mails to know precisely how much truth there may be in these reports, though as rumours of war and outrage they are unquestionably true. It is evident that the South is determined to drive out the Free State men within the next two months, to be prepared in any event for the result of the Presidential election. Should Fremont be elected, Kansas cleared of all but Pro-Slavery men, the aim then will be to secure her admission to the Union as a slave State before the 4th of March next. It is a bold game, and its very boldness may ensure its success. The last manifesto of the Border Ruffians is as follows:

*To the Citizens of Missouri.*

A report has been circulated with great assiduity through the State that the difficulties in Kansas are settled. This report has been circulated by two classes of men—those who wish some excuse for not assisting their friends in Kansas by their presence, and those who are too sordid to aid with their money. We state now, distinctly, that Kansas affairs are daily growing worse—that we do not intend to abandon our friends in Kansas until Lane's bandits are made to respect the laws and submit to them.

The law and order men now under arms in the Territory, determined that the laws shall be obeyed, amount to 1,000 men, and must have 500 more within one week, or all will be lost, and Kansas must be abandoned to the bandits.

D. R. ATCHISON, A. W. DONIPHAN,
OLIVER ANDERSON, JAMES CHILES,
JOHN W. REID, S. A. MACLEAN.

Kansas Territory, Aug. 29, 1856.

What is to be expected of the Federal Government in the determination so boldly avowed here to drive out the Northern immigrants, may be seen by a synopsis of the official correspondence on the subject which we publish in another column.

In late intelligence from the Territory, published a week or two ago, was mentioned the murder of a Mr. Hops, a brother-in-law of the Rev. Mr. Nute, a Unitarian clergyman well known to many of our readers. Mr. Hops's widow arrived in this city on Sunday last, and the gentleman who accompanied her, Dr. Root, gave the following relation of the circumstances of the murder to *The Tribune*. We copy it from that paper:

The facts in regard to the savage murder, as related by Dr. Root, are as follows: Mr. Hops had been in the Territory but a few days. He had hired a house in Leavenworth City, with the intention of making that place his home, and was on his return, from Lawrence, whither he had taken his wife (who was out of health), to remain a few days with her brother, the Rev. Mr. Nute, the Unitarian clergyman. When he had returned to within about two miles of Leavenworth City, and within sight of the residence of Mr. Wallace, a Free State man, he was met by a Ruffian on horseback, who inquired where he was from; and being informed that he was last from Lawrence, the stranger drew a revolver and shot him through the head. Mr. Hops was in a buggy, and the horse starting along, the murdered man fell to the ground. The Ruffian sprang from his horse, took out his knife and scalped his victim, when he remounted, and putting spurs to his horse, rode rapidly off in the direction of Leavenworth City. This fiendish outrage was witnessed by Mrs. Wallace and her daughter. A teamster, in the service of the United States drove up and saw the body before the pulse had ceased to beat. The name of the savage who perpetrated this horrid deed is Fugert, and he is well known in Leavenworth, and belongs to the Ruffian party camped in that city under command of Atchison. He had made a bet of $6 against a pair of boots that he would go out and return with an Abolitionist's scalp within two hours. On his return to the camp, he obtained his boots, and, then placing the scalp of his victim on the end of a pole, paraded the streets with it, boasting of his prowess; and all this almost within hail of Fort Leavenworth, where the United States forces are stationed, under command of Gen. Persifer F. Smith. A German named Bimber, who expressed himself rather freely in regard to this horrible barbarity, was shot dead on the spot, and another man, who also reprobated the act, saved his life only by precipitate flight, with pistol-balls whistling freely about his head.

On hearing the fate of her husband, Mrs. Hops, in company with her brother, Mr. Nute, and about a dozen other citizens of Lawrence, started for Leavenworth to obtain the body of Mr. H. and give it Christian burial. When near Lawrence, the party were captured and held as prisoners by a band of Ruffians under Capt. Emory, the man of whom Hops hired the horse and buggy. The body of the murdered man had been buried, and the Ruffians refused the widow the consolation of looking upon her husband's grave. Seventy dollars were found in the pockets of the murdered man, all which went as funeral expenses, leaving the disconsolate widow in the hands of the Ruffians without a dollar. She desired to leave the scene of her terrible sorrows. The Ruffians at first refused to let her depart, knowing that she would be a swift witness against their savagery; but she finally succeeded in getting on board a boat bound down the Missouri, the Captain of which, out of compassion, protected her, and gave her a free passage to St. Louis. On the boat she related her story, and was tauntingly told by the heartless and ruffianly passengers that she was uttering another "abolition lie."

Among the party who accompanied Mrs. Hops from Lawrence to Leavenworth, and who were taken prisoners, was Dr. Avery, an estimable Quaker gentleman from Richmond, Indiana, who went out to Kansas to obtain facts in regard to the actual state of things there, intending to return in a short time.

This statement is made by a correspondent of *The Tribune* at Leavenworth City. The same writer adds:

Several of our citizens are prisoners in the camps of the Pro-Slavery men, among whom are Messrs. Leavitt, Ide and Patrick. A boy who was taken with them has been released, and has arrived in town.

It is reported that Mr. Patrick was hung yesterday, to satisfy a personal affair between him and one Lisle, who lives here.

I cannot tell you of one half the horrors passing around me. Armed ruffians are riding about our streets, thronging every highway. Our only hope is that Lane will rescue us. We know not whether he will, or whether he is able to do it. No information can be conveyed to him.

The *Springfield Republican* publishes a letter from Mr. Nute to a clergyman in Massachusetts, which is as follows:

LAWRENCE, Kansas, Aug. 22.

The horrors of Ruffianism gather thicker and closer around us. My home has become a house of mourning. A brother-in-law came out to us and reached our house a week since, with his wife, an own sister of mine. On Monday last he stated to return to Leavenworth, leaving his wife sick. That night he was shot through the head, within a few miles of Leavenworth, and his scalp exhibited in fiendish exultation by his murderer in the town, who declared: "I went out for the scalp of a d—d Abolitionist, and I have got one." This is only one of a score of such butcheries that have been perpetrated within a few miles of us during the last week. Three men have gone out of our door straight to their death by the hands of murderers. In each instance the bodies have been horribly mutilated. I have tried in vain to raise a company of men to go for the recovery of our brother's remains to give them a decent burial, and for the effects about his person—all his money, &c. I have taken a rifle, and offered to be one of fifty to go. A sufficient number responded, and were pledged to go the morning after the sad tidings reached us, but it was thought best to delay until we should get an answer from the officer in command of the United States dragoons, encamped about ten miles from this, to whom we had applied for a force to go with us. It came at night, referring us to the superior then on the way with several companies to protect Pierce's bloody officials at Lecompton. Twice we have sent making the request of him for the protection of an escort to go with our teams to Leavenworth for provisions, and twice have we been refused.

There is not a single sack of flour or a bushel of meal for sale in this vicinity, and we have at least 2,000 men, women and children to be fed. What shall we do—what can we do, but fight our way through, with the desperation of men who know themselves surrounded by merciless savages? This we are determined to do. You will have the report of bloody work before this reaches you. It may be that nothing short of a massacre of the sovereign people of Kansas will arouse this nation to a sense of the inconceivable wickedness of the men who are at the head of affairs. You may imagine the feelings with which I read the cold-blooded sneers, the diabolical sport, which is made of our sufferings in the Boston *Post*, which I have just received. Are all the feelings of humanity, is all sense of decency, dead in the souls of the men who uphold this infamous Administration?

Many of our number have ceased to hope for anything but the foulest injustice from the Government. All that seems to be in store for us worth aspiring to is an heroic martyrdom. Plead for our cause with all the might you have. I send this, with as many more as I can write before the mail leaves, under cover to a friend in St. Louis. The chance that it will reach you seems to me very small. The Missourians are coming over the border and gathering at several points to the number of thousands, we hear. I dare not trust the particulars of our military condition and plans to this, for fear it will fall into the hands of the enemy. Only this: we are prepared and determined to strike terrible blows.

### THE VERY LATEST.

THE latest intelligence from the Territory comes in an extra of the *Indianapolis Journal*, dated 4 p. m. on Saturday. It is full of interest, and gives the details of the general statements which had reached us by Telegraph:

We have just seen and conversed with Mr. J. L. Abernethy, of Rushville, recently a resident of Leavenworth, Kansas, who left that place on Tuesday last, the 2d inst., and who brings not only the latest, but the most exciting, intelligence we have yet received, from that scene of disorder and lawlessness. He says that on Monday last the city election was held in Leavenworth. The Free State men fearing a collision and violence, withdrew their ticket, and took no part in the election. The Buchanan party appointed fifty men to guard the polls and exclude all "Abolitionists." There was much rioting and disturbance during the whole time. One Free State man, unaware of the withdrawal of the ticket, went to the polls, and was shot at four times by the Buchanan men, but escaped without injury.

Soon after this affair, sixty-five of the ruffians marched to the house of Mr. Phillips, the gentleman who was lynched some time ago for defending McRea, against whom the ruffians have always retained a bitter enmity, and demanded the arms he had in the house, and that he should surrender himself a prisoner. He refused, and they at once began firing on the house, in which there were no men but Mr. Phillips and his brother. Mrs. Myers, a daughter of Mr. Freyberger, of Connersville, in this State, was in the house at the time, and says that the bullets hailed all through the house. She passed through here this morning, on her way to her father's. After firing the ruffians broke into the house. As they were mounting the stairs Phillips shot two of them with his revolver, and was immediately riddled with bullets. Two balls entered his eyes, and four charges of buckshot were driven right through his breast. His brother was wounded in the arm, and on Tuesday, when Mr. Abernethy left, was thought to be dying.

The ruffians after completing the murder of Phillips tried to fire the town, but were discovered by some of the more moderate of their party. All the Free State men who could be seen on the streets were then taken prisoners. Captain Emery—the same who took Mr. Houghton, of this city, prisoner, as we related the other day—then had a proclamation read on the corners of the streets, warning all free State men to leave the place by Tuesday morning, as all found after that would be shot. Mr. Abernethy and about seventy-five Free State men and moderate pro-slavery men, who refused to take arms or approve of the acts of the ruffians, left the place at once, on the Martha Jewett. They were taken to Weston, where a part were kept, and the rest ordered to return. Mr. A. was of the portion who returned. They came back part of the way to Leavenworth on Monday evening, and reached the place on Tuesday morning. They then were immediately ordered away again, and he started on his journey to this State.

On Monday after the expulsion of the Free State men, the ruffians burned four houses, and it was reported that they meant to destroy all the property of the "Abolitionists," who, being compelled to leave without a moment's delay, had to abandon everything except their clothes and such valuables as they could at once lay their hands upon. Mr. Abernethy lost everything; Mr. McCracken, who had funds to the amount of ten thousand dollars in his store, had to lose it all. His store was burned on Monday night and all destroyed. All the rest were left in an equally destitute condition. Among those driven out was the independent pro-slavery candidate for Mayor at the election in which the outrages commenced. He, we believe, was in the crowd that passed here to-day (Saturday). Pro-slavery men, who refused to take arms and go to attack Lawrence, were treated just as "Abolitionists." These outrages were perpetrated by the band commanded by Emery, one of Mr. Pierce's office-holders. Some twenty of the expelled citizens passed through here to-day.

There had been no fight at Lawrence, as reported, and there was thought to be no danger of any, as Lane was too strong to be attacked. It was feared that his men were short of provisions, but no apprehension was felt for his ability to defend himself. He had five hundred men with him at Lawrence, and more than that number encamped around the town, and said he could raise two or three thousand at any time in two days. The Missourians had about eight hundred men at Santa Fe, and about eight hundred more in the Territory between Lawrence and Leavenworth. Altogether, with those on the Nebraska road, there were probably two thousand. Men were deserting every day, but the accessions were just about equal to the deserters. Atchison has resigned the chief command of the ruffian army, and Reid, the commander at the Ossawatomie fight, had been appointed.

The true account of the battle of Ossawatomie, of which we published an account from the pro-slavery papers in an extract this morning, is about this: There were fifty Free State men, and no more, encamped at Ossawatomie, and were attacked by two hundred and fifty men under Reid. The Ruffians had several men wounded, but, having two cannon, as well as five men to one, they overpowered the Free State men. There were at least twelve Free State men killed, and might have been more. Five were taken prisoners. Two of these were taken to the camp and killed. This act so disgusted a portion of the Missourians that one hundred at once deserted and came home. From a captain of one of the returning companies, and a Free State prisoner, whom they had with them, Mr. Abernethy learned the facts we have narrated in regard to the fight and the massacre. Brown, reported by the "extra" to have been killed with his son, was not in the fight at all, but came up with two hundred men directly after it had terminated, and drove the Ruffians before him for some distance, but without being able to bring them to a fight. The returning Missourians complained bitterly of the cowardice of Reid and his Ruffians, in thus running away from a small number of the enemy.

Mr. Nute, the preacher who was taken prisoner with Mr. Houghton, as we related the other day, and prevented from going down the river, has never been heard of since he left the boat, and it was the universal belief in Leavenworth that he had been murdered. His companions feared this fate for him, as the Ruffians threatened to hang him.

Since conversing with Mr. Abernethy we have seen Mr. Brown, who was one of the prisoners taken at the same time as Mr. Houghton and Mr. Nute, and was detained at Leavenworth. He left that place on Wednesday, the 3d inst. He confirms the whole of Mr. Nute's narrative, and adds that Mr. Phillips (the brother) was not expected to live at his departure, and his wife, who applied for permission to nurse him, was refused and driven off, the Ruffians swearing that "his life belonged to them, and they meant to have it." Mr. Brown says four houses were burned by Emery's band, and among them was the office of Dr. Hathaway, who addressed the Republican Club last night at the Court-House. He does not yet know of his loss.

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## ANTI-SLAVERY TRACTS.

THE Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society have issued the following Tracts for gratuitous distribution:

No. 1. THE UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION, EXAMINED.
No. 2. WHITE SLAVERY IN THE UNITED STATES.
No. 3. COLONIZATION. By Rev. O. B. Frothingham.
No. 4. DOES SLAVERY CHRISTIANIZE THE NEGRO? By Rev. T. W. Higginson.
No. 5. THE INTER-STATE SLAVE TRADE. By John G. Palfrey.
No. 6. THE "RUIN" OF JAMAICA. By Richard Hildreth.
No. 7. REVOLUTION THE ONLY REMEDY FOR SLAVERY.
No. 8. TO MOTHERS IN THE FREE STATES. By Mrs. E. L. Follen.
No. 9. INFLUENCE OF SLAVERY UPON THE WHITE POPULATION. By a Lady.
No. 10. SLAVERY AND THE NORTH. By C. C. Burleigh.
No. 11. DISUNION OUR WISDOM AND OUR DUTY. By Rev. Charles E. Hodges.
No. 12. ANTI-SLAVERY HYMNS AND SONGS. By Mrs. E. L. Follen.
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No. 15. WHAT HAVE WE, AS INDIVIDUALS, TO DO WITH SLAVERY? By Susan C. Cabot.
No. 16. THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY; AND ITS POLICY OF SUPPRESSION AND SILENCE.
Being the Unanimous Remonstrance of the Fourth Congregational Society, Hartford, Ct.
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A friend out West gives us an anecdote of Erastus Brooks, who is (or recently was) travelling with a circus through Cattaraugus and the neighbouring Counties, and making speeches—sometimes in the circus tent—in behalf of himself for Governor, and his friend Fillmore for President. Erastus is low in stature, not particularly comely, and by no means majestic in presence; and there happens to be a Cattaraugus Indian whom he so strikingly resembles, that those who know but one of them, are apt to mistake the other for him. Hence, one of the Cattaraugus landlords dropped into his barroom the other day, and seeing there a person whom he supposed his Indian acquaintance, he sharply ordered him to "clear out, for he didn't sell liquor to *Indians*." He was rather taken aback when informed that his Indian was the Hindoo candidate for Governor.—*Tribune.*

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## Summary.

The *New Haven Register* makes the following profound remarks *apropos* of the Vermont election:

"As usual, the Abolitionists have carried everything. Governor, Legislature, and members of Congress. It is so near the British influences in Canada, that nothing better could be expected of it."

A petition at the Exchange reading Rooms in Boston is receiving the signatures of many merchants and others, praying that the Governor call a special Session of the Legislature for the purpose of taking into consideration the endangered safety of the lives and property of the sons and daughters of Massachusetts in the Territory of Kansas, and the expediency of devising means for their relief and defence.

Gen. Lewis Cass has written a letter positively consenting to be present at the Democratic Convention to be held in Dayton, Ohio, on the 17th inst. In his letter Gen. Cass says:

"The present crisis of our country demands the exertion of every true Democrat, and I shall return home without delay, after the adjournment, to take my part in the pending contest, *upon the issue of which, in my opinion, depends the permanence of the Union and the Constitution.*"

The Boston *Advertiser* says that the class which has just entered at Harvard college is the largest which has been admitted. It numbers one hundred and twenty-six. At the annual foot ball match between the freshmen and sophomore classes, the freshmen won the victory. In these contests the sophomores have almost invariably had the advantage, but this time the freshmen sent the ball wide beyond the bounds of their antagonists, and the unparalleled event was greeted with tumultuous cheers from the spectators.

STAMPEDE OF SLAVES IN VIRGINIA.—Nine slaves, belonging to Cyrus Ross, of Shinnstead, Va., recently possessed themselves of as many horses belonging to their owner, and started for Canada. They were pursued, and overtaken on the edge of Pennsylvania, by Ross and a company of men, and after a desperate struggle, beat them off and continued their journey. When last heard from they were fairly on their road again to Liberty, with every prospect of attaining it.

An immense Republican meeting was held at Richmond, Ind., on Thursday of last week, to hear Cassius M. Clay. Although the notice was short, and rain fell nearly all day, between eight and ten thousand persons were present. The streets were full of citizens from the neighbouring towns, who came in on horseback, as well as in all kinds of vehicles. There was a continuous line of wagons, two miles long, full of people. Such enthusiasm, it is said, was never witnessed in eastern Indiana, even in 1840.

A letter from Virginia, published in *The N. Y. Times*, contains the following new development of Woman's Rights under the slave system:

"One sees enough here of the horrors of slavery to satisfy the most incredulous. Universal prostitution, lying and thieving, seem to be inseparably connected with it. I observed a new feature the other day. Coloured washerwomen who have made money can buy themselves a slave husband, tie him up, whip him as much as they like, sell him, and purchase some one else."

HABEAS CORPUS FOR GEORGE W. BROWN.—The *Berkshire* (Pittsfield) *Eagle* says that Judge Curtis on Wednesday heard an argument at his residence in that town, upon an application by the wife of Geo. W. Brown, one of the prisoners held on the charge of treason in Kansas, for a writ of habeas corpus, bringing her husband before him. John Jolliffe, Esq., of Cincinnati, and J. A. Andrew, Esq., of Boston, appeared for the petitioner. Judge Curtis expressed much sympathy for the prisoner, but doubted his power, sitting in chambers, to issue a writ of this nature running into the territories. We believe this is substantially the point upon which the suit is denied.

Charles B. Lines, from Kansas, recently addressed a very large audience, on the affairs of the Territory, in New Haven. During his address Mr. Lines said that in his travels he overheard a Missourian ask David R. Atchison how he liked the Presidential nomination, Atchison replied:

"The nomination is not exactly what I had desired. I should have preferred either Pierce or Douglas, because he and Douglas both are so thoroughly identified with our cause, that a victory won with them would be a victory worth fighting for—*but Buchanan will answer as well, because the party is thoroughly identified with our cause.*"

About twelve o'clock last night, says Wednesday's *Tribune*, a portion of the Great Democratic Pro-Slavery Border Ruffian Procession passed our office and honoured us with a series of exceedingly dismal groans. At that moment we were reading a despatch from Portland which assured us that the Republican Governor in Maine had been elected by more than TWENTY THOUSAND majority over the Democratic nominee; that every member of Congress, every State Senator except one, and more than four-fifths of the Lower House were Republicans. We managed to stand the groans with tolerable equanimity.

Mrs. H. Beecher Stowe, and her husband, Professor C. E. Stowe, sailed to England, as our readers will remember, for the purpose of securing a copyright there, upon her new novel, "Dred." By the last steamer we learn that the book has already appeared in London, and is creating great enthusiasm, the orders reaching a thousand copies a day, although the price is double that of the American edition. The London publishers confidently expect, even at the high price asked, to sell one hundred thousand copies. Mr. and Mrs. Stowe are at present at Inverary Castle, Scotland, by invitation from the Duke of Argyle

# Miscellaneous Department.

## THE MYSTERIOS SALUTE.

As I sat in the ladies' room at the Peterborough station, waiting the arrival of the London train, two ladies came in together, whose appearance, though not exactly uncommon, caught my eye. They were nice-looking, and a certain number of years ago must have been pretty. They were not dressed alike, but there was a pervading tone about them alike in both. The large collar, whose antique shape and rich work proclaimed a reverence for the taste of past days; the cool white stockings and sandaless prunella shoes; the dresses, not too long, of a prevailing gray colour; the brown crape shawl of the one and the small white turn-over of the other lady; the Tuscan straw bonnets, with their primrose and white trimmings, and the black and green veils appended to each; together with the neat little basket they carried—made it evident that these were what are called "old maids."

"Caroline," said one of them, who appeared the younger of the two, "we are in capital time. I really begin to think it is less dreadful than we imagined; and if we can only get a nice carriage entirely to ourselves"——

"Ah!" replied Miss Caroline, who acted rather in the character of chaperone to her younger friend—"ah! there is nothing like being in good time. Better wait an hour, Clementina, than be late one minute. I feel quite glad to have brought my knitting; indeed I never go anywhere without it; and now, that I cannot see very well without glasses, reading is out of the question. You have Dr. Gregory's Letters there, I see. How different the literary productions of the present day are! Really, the trash young people read now is terrible, when I think how we were brought up. But I wish Harriet Spyker would come. I begin to think we ought to take our places."

Very soon after this, I saw another little lady, apparently about their own standing, bustling about, turning round, looking into corners, behind doors, and into all sorts of impossible places, till suddenly she espied the two friends, and walking briskly up to them, began to talk very fast, answering the inquiries of both ladies in a tone so headlong, and with a manner so lively, that I could hardly refrain from smiling both with pleasure and surprise. This last lady was dressed in a dark-coloured satin gown, with no stiffening or crinoline to lift its clinging folds from her short, slight person. She wore a small black lace shawl, and a white bonnet adorned with an immense purple "ugly," as they are too truly called.

"How many seats are in these carriages?" asked the new-comer, after mutual greetings had passed.

"I really do not know," said Miss Clementina. "I never travelled but once before in a train, and I cannot say I remember. But, you know, we could easily ask." So saying, she went leisurely up to a very active, busy official, who was greasing the wheels of the carriages, and said:

"Pray, my good man, can you tell me how many seats there are, and what time we start? Where is the station clock? Ah! I see; it is quite wrong by my watch, which never either gains or loses." Then, seeing he paid no sort of attention to her, nor indeed heard her, she remarked: "It is very badly arranged that there is no information to be had, or any one to refer to at these places."

"All right, ma'am!" said the man, slamming down the iron lid with great noise, and moving off sharply to another wheel.

"How very rude those men are!" said Miss Caroline, in a condoling voice. "It is better to manage entirely for ourselves, my dear, than to be exposed to such insults."

"Ah!" rejoined Miss Clementina, "how different from the old stage-coach days, when one knew there were four seats inside which any ladies might have for the asking, and when a scream or a kandkerchief from the windows would arrest instant attention from the gentlemen."

"Gentlemen!" exclaimed Miss Caroline, "One cannot now-a-days tell a gentleman from a grazier or a shop-boy—by the dress, at least; and the young men of the present time are so excessively satirical, and so devoid of that deferential respect, without which, a few years ago, a gentleman would have been shut out from ladies' society altogether."

"It is so, indeed," said Miss Spyker briskly; "and I declared to you, nothing would induce me to travel in the same carriage with one of those fast young men—nothing you could name me, Caroline."

Here all three agreed that nothing in the whole world would induce them to do such a thing.

The crowd of passengers now began to thicken, and I therefore took up my book and satchel, and soon established myself comfortably in the far corner of a first-class carriage. I had not been there very long when I saw the three friends approaching—the two first ladies arm in arm, and brisk little Miss Spyker peering into first one carriage, then into another, with a face of great anxiety; at length they stood still before the one I had chosen.

"It is pretty well away from the engine, Caroline," said Miss Spyker in an encouraging tone of voice.

"And not too near the end of the train either," said Miss Clementina. "I think we might venture."

At this moment, a maid servant, who followed them, put into the carriage an indefinite variety of brown-paper parcels, of every shape and size. A small "tiger" also came up, armed with three umbrellas and hung round with bonnet-boxes like a "bird-cage man," which he deposited as he best could within. The three ladies then took their seats.

"Thomas," said Miss Clementina, "have you seen the luggage safe?"

"Yues 'um," said Thomas, grinning and pulling a lock of hair.

"And the two carpet-bags?" said Miss Caroline.

"And the basket of fruit for Lady M'Gregor?" put in Clementina.

"Two baskets of fruit and the flowers is under this seat, 'um," said Thomas, holding up the valance of the seat. "Guard said they'd squash 'em in the van along with heavy luggage."

"Oh, very well. And, Thomas," said Miss Caroline, "don't forget what I said to you about the garden, now; water those two square beds—weed the one on the lawn; and let me find the gravel-walks clean when we return."

"And mind that we don't find half the roots dug up for weeds, and the rest washed bare, from using that large watering-can. That will do, Jane," added Miss Clementina to the maid: "you may go now."

They now began to arrange their bonnets, settle their parcels and make foot-stools of sundry little boxes they had brought with them. After a short pause, Miss Caroline said: "Don't like this at all—it is so very dark."

"What will it be in the tunnels?" said Miss Clementina in an unhappy voice.

"Caroline," said Miss Spyker, "I don't know what you will think of me, but I confess to you"——. Here she dropped her voice, and I only heard the words "gentlemen in the carriage;" but I saw Miss Caroline and Miss Clementina bridle up and draw back, throwing suspicious glances at poor Miss Spyker, who seemed in an embarrassed minority.

Presently Clementina recommenced the conversation. "I don't in the least know," said she, "how we go off, but I begin to feel rather poorly—the engine makes such a terrible noise—one never could be heard screaming."

"No," said Miss Spyker; "and I believe guards are most inhuman. If you are ever so frightened, or faint, it's of no use; you are locked in, and no more thought of until you reach your journey's end; and then, if you don't hear the name of the place you pass on, of course, for nobody asks you to get out.

"And *we*," said Miss Clementina, who began to be very nervous, "shall never know where to stop. How should we? No one can make out what the people say when they call out the names of the stations, and I am sure we shall miss seeing it written up."

"I wish anybody we knew very well—of course, if a gentleman, one of a proper and steady age—was coming the same way," murmured Miss Caroline, descending a little from the exalted position she had previously taken up with regard to Miss Spyker's hinted proposal. "It is in such cases as these only that one feels quite helpless. O how I wish we were safe at home!"

At this moment an agitated little scream broke from the lips of Miss Spyker.

"What is it? What's the matter? Is it gone off?" exclaimed Miss Clementina.

"I think—I really do think that is Mr. Smith," said Miss Spyker, in a nervous manner, looking out of the window as she spoke.

"It certainly is," said Caroline; "and depend upon it, he is going by this train, and there is his servant behind with his carpet bag. Do you think it would be improper to ask him to come in?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Miss Clementina, hoping all the time to be overruled by the other two. "I am afraid it would be so very forward, and putting ourselves in his way."

"But," suggested Miss Spyker, briskly, "if we were to give him the further seat there, all would be filled except one, and with our shawls and umbrellas we might make up a figure in the middle seat opposite Clementina; or else, you see, with two vacant places, we should be so very likely to have intruders. Shall we ask him in, Caroline?"

"O dear," said Miss Caroline, "I don't know what to do; what do you think?"

"I really do not see that in such an emergency it would be improper," remarked Clementina, in a tone vainly endeavouring to seem neutral.

"And I declare," said little Miss Spyker, hurriedly, "I see two other gentlemen lingering here, close by. Don't you really think we might?—he is so very highly respectable—such a thorough gentleman, and not of the new school."

"Well, if you dare call out, Harriet."

"You both really think I may, then?"

"Yes," said Miss Caroline, "we do."

"Then make haste," faultered Miss Clementina. And what with poking and urging from her friends, and her own fears with a dread of being too late, Miss Spyker put her head out of the window, and said, in a voice that lightly wavered between anxiety and her sense of the impropriety of the act: "Mr—Sm-i-ith, Mr—Sm-i-ith." I glanced at the three ladies, and saw they were trembling with the combined emotions of hope, fear, and dread of doing anything bordering on the improper, when the door opened, and Mr. Smith appeared.

He was a decidedly elderly gentleman, and wore a gray hat, and an ample frock coat of dark blue, white unmentionables and waistcoat; and an eyeglass in an embossed gold frame hung by a black ribbon from his neck. His face wore an expression of great anxiety and benevolence towards the world in general; not remarkable for much talent or mental quickness, but rather indicative of a nature at once bland and obtuse. He raised his hat and bowed as he recognized Miss Spyker, which courtesy was acknowledged by all in the court-minuet style. Miss Spyker, however, went straight to the point at once, by saying: "Very well, I thank you, sir; and, Mr. Smith, are you going by this train?"

"Madame," he replied, "I contemplate doing so. Can I—can I be so happy as to be of use to any one of you ladies?"

"Oh, Mr. Smith!" said little Miss Spyker, gaining courage from her success, "would you take one of the vacant seats here? We are so—so—so very much"——

"Frightened," put in Miss Caroline, emerging from her fauteuil.

"Very much frightened, *indeed*," earnestly repeated Miss Clementina.

"With the greatest pleasure, ladies. You honour me too much. I may have the happiness to be of service to you, perhaps. Allow me, Miss Caroline," said Mr. Smith, calling up the tone and air of one not unused to what is called "a lady's man," as he raised from the floor of the carriage Miss Caroline's knitting, which, in the extremity of her indecision, had fallen to the ground; and stepping in, he was motioned to the furthest compartment near my own window. He was very polite and courteous; but from the moment of his getting into the carriage, I observed a feeling creeping over the minds of the three maiden ladies, that their terrors had induced them to take a rather desperate and extreme step. They spoke much in low tones together, and replied distantly, and with a sort of a bridling up of the figure when Mr. Smith spoke—each appearing to feel it due to the others and to herself, to avoid as much as possible giving any opening for speeches even of common civility, and to treat the poor gentleman much after the fashion of a large house-dog, which it might be dangerous to encourage in any playful gambols, lest it might be difficult in the end to keep him within bounds. Their chief anxiety now appeared to be to fill up the remaining seat in the middle of the carriage, so as to make it look to a casual observer as if it too was occupied. There seemed, indeed, every reason to suppose the plan would succeed. Several people had looked in, as if in search of a seat, and retired under the impression that the carriage was full. The engine was apparently getting under way, and the platform comparatively empty, when as they were dressing up this spare fauteuil, the whistle rang shrieking through the station, and they all suddenly collapsed in the most direful state of fright.

"Good—ness me! how shocking!" gasped poor Clementina, whose small experience of railways made everything a source of constant terror and surprise. Miss Caroline sank back prostrated; and little Miss Spyker, with both hands to her ears, rocked herself to and fro in a state of suffering and dismay, talking loud and fast all the time. But at this juncture, every other feeling was lost in astonishment, when a porter looked in, hastily glanced round, detected the transparent *ruse de guerre* of the "dummy" in the middle seat, and flung the door open, exclaiming:

"Room here, sir—just in time—I'll put your luggage in, sir—all right." And in there sprang a tall, handsome, bewhiskered and moustached young guardsman, apparently in the extremity of "saving the train," and in a state of great excitement, caused by the uncertainty of the last few moments. Here was a pretty business! The feelings of the three ladies for a moment overpowered them, and they sat in silence, fixing looks of blank dismay on each other. Things were unfortunately managed, certainly. In their anxiety to keep Mr. Smith at a respectful distance, they had so contrived that now the young guardsman filled up their cherished vacancy. He was in the very midst of them: Miss Caroline on his right hand, and Miss Clementina and Miss Spyker immediately opposite. The involuntary shrinking into the depths of the carriage, the glances eloquent of feeling, were the first signs of their returning powers of mind. Miss Spyker pulled her blue "ugly" more completely over her brow, and all three began to look out of the window with determined curiosity at the two bare brown banks of earth which now rose on either side above the train. I really felt for poor Clementina, who appeared to be growing quite giddy from the sameness of the view and the speed with which we passed along. At length she resolutely shut her eyes, as if, inside and out, nothing but objects of distraction met her sight.

We had not been on the move more than a few minutes, when I observed the young guardsman looking at his fair fellow-travellers with an expression by no means consonant with the air of imperturbable gravity through which it shone. I saw he tried to catch the eye of the quiet gentlewoman in the corner, but I resolutely looked out of the window, though not, I fear, before he detected the shadow of a smile at the corner of my lip.

Mr. Smith, glancing over the top of the newspaper, which, in self-defence, he had unfolded, saw, despite his obtuseness, that something was amiss; the disressed looks of the three maiden-friends showed their mental perturbation; and not knowing exactly what to do under the circumstances, he began, half-absently to survey the dress and general appearance of the new comer, from the boots upwards, with an eye from which he strove to banish the usual benign expression. He appeared, however, very much taken aback on perceiving, when he had gradually arrived at the face of the young officer, that his eye was fixed upon him with a meaning he could not quite make out; and he was betrayed involuntarily into saying: "Did you address me, sir?"

"O dear, no, sir—not at all," said the guardsman with a smile.

At the sound of the gruff voices of the gentlemen, the three friends frisked round, with great difficulty suppressing their emotion. Miss Clementina, who was the most nervous, began to tremble violently, and turned still paler than she was by nature. Evidently, the least they anticipated was the preliminaries of a duel.

"Will you exchange papers, sir?" said the guardsman; at which Mr. Smith bowed, and waved his paper in the air with a nervous flourish, which sent the corner of it nearly into the open mouth of the stricken Caroline, whose features were in an unnatural state of extension from the incidents of the last few moments. Both gentlemen then subsiding into silence, the ladies began to grow calm, the dreaded *vis-a-vis* offering no further cause for fear, and becoming apparently very passive and harmless over his paper. In the course of time they ventured to get up a little slow, formal conversation with Mr. Smith, whom, with a natural revulsion of feeling, they seemed to regard more benignantly than ever, looking upon him now in the light of a safeguard.

"Beautiful weather for the country," faltered Miss Spyker, always the most alert of the three.

"Superb, indeed," replied Mr. Smith, blandly.

"Dreadful mode of travelling this," ventured Miss Clementina. "Ah! Mr. Smith, how different from the stage-coach days *we* remember! One could see the country then."

"I remember our drive from London to Ascot," said Mr. Smith, in the voice of one calling up, not unmoved, some thrilling memory of the past—"when the speed at which we are now going would have seemed slow to the pace we drove that day. It might," he went on in a lower tone, glancing at Miss Clementina as he spoke—"it might have been the *society*—it might have been the scenery."

Miss Clementina here grew very rosy and said: "She thought the more entirely such recollections were considered as *past*, the better." Miss Spyker came to the rescue.

"Mr. Smith, have you a Bradshaw?"

"I am sorry to say I have not, madam; but perhaps my memory may serve your purpose. I have travelled on this line often—though not," he added, with a bow, "under circumstances equally agreeable."

Here again came a little bridling, and an involuntary glance of meaning at each other.

"Can you tell me the name of the station you want, Miss Spyker?" resumed Mr. Smith more gravely.

"I only wanted to know whereabouts the tunnels are?" she replied, apparently impressed with a conviction that they were marked in the publication she had asked for.

"I am sorry to say there are three tunnels very near each other," said Mr. Smith, with the air of one who desires to make the best of unpleasing intelligence; "but they are only a few minutes long—it is soon over; and I think," added he, looking out of the window, and very suddenly looking in again, "we are now on the point of"——

At this juncture the whistle sounded; I hastily drew up my window, and the young guardsman drew up the further one. The sudden change from light to darkness made faint the glimmer of the lamp—which seemed to be disarranged at any rate—invisible; and a moment of breathless silence ensued, for the rushing of the noise of the train was deadened by the closed windows. It was at this instant that a loud chirping sound, within the carriage, was heard, as of some one bestowing a hearty and unrepelled salute! who can paint the consternation of the three ladies, as we emerged blinded, dazzled, bewildered, from the tunnel.

It was evident each, bridling up with virtuous indignation, regarded the others as concerned in the guilt; but if any one excited more suspicion than another, it certainly was Miss Clementina. Her near neighbourhood to Mr. Smith, his tender allusion to by-gone days, and the fact that her bonnet was in a state of derangement the most unbecoming, all contributed to this impression. She, poor soul, feeling her perfect innocence, looked first at her friend Caroline who, with a confused and scared aspect, sat bolt upright before her. She, very unfortunately, had for her neighbour the guardsman; but he appeared sleepily unconscious of what was passing. Nor did Miss Spyker escape—her bonnet and "ugly" were decidedly not *comme il faut*—for, in her anxiety to shut her eyes and stop her ears, she had given an involuntary jerk to the ugly, thereby imparting a wildness to her general appearance, which was considerably heightened by her manner.

But if each lady regarded the other thus, their feelings could not amount to more than suspicion. But Mr. Smith! that *he* was guilty was only too evident, if only from his embarrassment; while the quiet young officer, who for some time past had apparently been slumbering, never attracted their suspicions for a moment.

They were still fluttered by the strange incident, when we plunged into another tunnel; and again the same chirping sound was heard—in fact, an unmistakable kiss—louder and more hearty than before; and we shot into daylight once more in a state of agitation more terrible than ever.

That Mr. Smith had had the daring impertinence to salute one of the three ladies whom he was bound by every sentiment of honour to protect, admitted no doubt; and indeed that gentleman himself seemed to feel his culpability, for he evidently shrank under the indignant eyes of his fair neighbours, and seemed perfectly paralyzed in mind and body. The paper had fallen on his knee, his hat was awry; every particle of expression had vanished from his face, and his hands hung powerless by his sides. The slackening of our pace now showed that we were close to some station. The train stopped a moment, and an unearthly cry from the officials without announced the name of the place, which to this day I have never ascertained; and the young guardsman, having probably reached his destination, clapped his handkerchief suddenly to his flushed face, sprang from the carriage, and was out of sight in a moment.

During the rest of the journey, not a word was spoken. Miss Caroline tried to knit, but signally failed, to the great damage of her work; Miss Spyker pursed up her mouth, and looked out of the window; while Clementina was absorbed in Dr. Gregory's Letters, holding the volume, as I observed, upside down. Mr. Smith was speechless, and remained like one under the influence of mesmerism for many miles.

By and by, I found that I was very near the end of my own journey; I began therefore to collect my wrappings, when I heard Miss Caroline and Clementina whispering to the effect that "if"—and they nodded in my direction—"got out, they dared not stay alone with Mr. Smith after what had happened." At this moment he too observed that we approached the Barnet station; and when the train stopped, whether he really had originally intended to get out there, or was now going to wait for the next train in self-defence, I cannot tell; but he was in such haste to have the door opened that I was quite afraid he was about to break the railway laws, and get himself into custody for leaping upon the platform while the train was still in motion. He, however, turned round respectfully and timidly, but with the look of an injured man, and raised his hat in token of farewell, which courtesy was received in the most chilling manner by the three ladies, who immediately looked another way.

I then got out myself, and watching the train as it moved out of sight, I saw Mr. Smith and his servant, who appeared mutually surprised at finding themselves there—the man's countenance seeming to express: "Do you think, sir, you're perfectly in your right senses, getting out at this here place, where you know nobody and have nothing to do?" When I turned away, and got up into the town, I saw the guardsman talking to some friends; he was laughing violently, and, as I passed, kissed the back of his hand with a smack that reminded me of the mysterious sound in the railway carriage.

## THE PRIVATE ENGLISHMAN.

It happened to arrive in England, at the moment of a commercial crisis. But it was evident, that, let who will fail, England will not. These people have sat here a thousand years, and here will continue to sit. They will not break up, or arrive at any desperate revolution, like their neighbours; for they have as much energy, as much continence of character as they ever had. The power and possession which surrounded them are their own creation, and they exert the same commanding industry at this moment.

They are positive, methodical, cleanly, and formal, loving routine, and conventional ways; loving truth and religion, to be sure, but inexorable on points of form. All the world praises the comfort and private appointments of an English inn, and of English households. You are sure of neatness and of personal decorum. A Frenchman may possibly be clean; an Englishman is conscientiously clean. A certain order and complete propriety is found in his dress and in his belongings.

Born in a harsh and wet climate, which keeps him in doors whenever he is at rest, and being of an affectionate and loyal temper, he dearly loves his house. If he is rich, he buys a demesne, and builds a hall; if he is in middle condition, he spares no expense on his house. Without, it is all planted: within, it is wainscoted, carved, curtained, hung with pictures, and filled with good furniture. 'Tis a passion which survives all others, to deck and improve it. Hither he brings all that is rare and costly, and with the national tendency to sit fast in the same spot for many generations, it comes to be in the course of time, a museum of heirlooms, gifts, and trophies of the adventures and exploits of the family. He is very fond of silver plate, and, though he have no gallery of portraits of his ancestors, he has of their bowls and porringers. Incredible amounts of plate are found in good houses, and the poorest have some spoon or saucepan, gift of a god-mother, saved out of better times.

An English family consists of a few persons, who, from youth to age, are found revolving within a few feet of each other, as if tied by some invisible ligature, tense as that cartilage which we have seen attaching the two Siamese. England produces under favourable conditions of ease and culture the finest women in the world. And, as the men are affectionate and true-hearted, the women inspire and refine them. Nothing can be more delicate without being fantastical, nothing more firm and based in nature and sentiment, than the courtship and mutual carriage of the sexes. The song of 1596 says, "The wife of every Englishman is counted blest." The sentiment of Imogen in Cymbeline is copied from English nature; and not less the Portia of Brutus, the Kate Percy, and the Desdemona. The romance does not exceed the height of noble passion in Mrs. Lucy Huthinson, or in Lady Russell, or even as one discerns through the plain prose Pepy's Diary, the sacred habit of an English wife. Sir Samuel Romilly could not bear the death of his wife. Every class has its noble and tender examples.

Domesticity is the taproot which enables the nation to branch wide and high. The motive and end of their trade and empire is to guard the independence and privacy of their homes. Nothing so much marks their manners as the concentration on their household ties. This domesticity is carried into court and camp. Wellington governed India and Spain and his own troops, and fought battles like a good family man, paid his debts, and, though general of an army in Spain, could not stir abroad for fear of public creditors. This taste for house and parish merits has of course its doting and foolish side. Mr. Cobbett attributes the high popularity of Percival, prime minister in 1810, to the fact that he was wont to go to church every Sunday, with a large quarto gilt prayer-book under one arm, and his wife hanging on the other, and followed by a long brood of children.

They keep their old customs, costumes, and pomps, their wig and mace, sceptre and crown. The middle ages still lurk in the streets of London. The Knights of the Bath take oath to defend injured ladies; the gold-stick-in-waiting survives. They repeated the ceremonies of the eleventh century in the coronation of the present Queen. A hereditary tenure is natural to them. Offices, farms, trades and traditions descend so. Their leases run for a hundred and a thousaud years. Terms of service and partnership are life-long, or are inherited. "Holdship has been with me," said Lord Elden, "eight-and-twenty years, knows all my business and books." Antiquity of usage is sanction enough. Wordsworth says of the small freeholders of Westmoreland, "Many of these humble sons of the hills had a consciousness that the land which they tilled had for more than five hundred years been possessed by men of the same name and blood. The ship-carpenter in the public yards, my lord's gardener, and porter have been there for more than a hundred years, grandfather, father, and son.

The English power resides also in their dislike of change. They have difficulty in bringing their reason to act, and on all occasions use their memory first. As soon as they have rid themselves of some grievance, and settled the better practice, they make haste to fix it as a finality, and never wish to hear the alteration more.

Every Englishman is an embryonic chancellor: his instinct is to search for a precedent. The favourite phrase of their law is, "a custom whereof the memory of man runneth not back to the contrary." The Barons say, "*Nolumus mutari;* and the cockneys stifle the curiosity of the foreigner on the reason of any practice, with, "Lord, sir, it was always so." They hate innovation. Bacon told them, Time was the right reformer: Chatham that "confidence was slow growth;" Channing, to "advance with the times;" and Wellington, that "habit was ten times nature." All their statesmen learn the irresistibility of the tide of custom, and have invented many fine phrases to cover this slowness of perception, and prehensility of tail.

A seashell should be the crest of England, not only because it represents a power built on the waves, but also the hard finish of the men. The Englishman is finished like a cowry or a murex. After the spires and spines are formed, or, with the formation, a juice exudes, and a hard enamel varnishes every part. The keeping of the proprieties is as indispensable as clean linen. No merit quite countervails the want of this, whilst this sometimes stands in lieu of all. "'Tis in bad taste," is the most formidable word an Englishman can pronounce. But this japan costs them dear. There is a prose in certain Englishmen, which exceeds in wooden deadness all rivalry with other countrymen. There is a knell in the conceit and externality of their voice, which seems to say, Leave all hope behind. In this Gibraltar of propriety, mediocrity gets entrenched, and consolidated, and founded in adamant. An Englishman of fashion is like one of those souvenirs, bound in gold vellum, enriched with delicate engravings, on thick hot-pressed paper, fit for the hands of ladies and princes, but with nothing in it worth reading or remembering.—*Emerson's English Traits.*

## THE RELIGION OF ENGLAND.

The religion of England is part of good breeding. When you see, on the continent, the well-dressed Englishman come into his ambassador's chapel, and put his face, for silent prayer, into his smooth-brushed hat, one cannot help feeling how much national pride prays with him, and the religion of a gentleman. So far is he from attaching any meaning to the words, that he believes himself to have done almost the generous thing, and that it is very condescending to him to pray to God. A great duke said, on the occasion of a victory, in the House of Lords, that he thought the Almighty God had not been well used by them, and that it would become their magnanimity, after so great successes, to take order that a proper acknowledgment be made.

The torpidity, on the side of religion, of the vigorous English understanding, shows how much wit and folly can agree in one brain. Their religion is a quotation; their church is a doll; and any examination is interdicted with screams of terror.

The Angelican church is marked by the grace and good sense of its forms, and by the manly grace of its clergy. The gospel it preaches, is, "By taste ye are saved." * * * *

No chemist has prospered in the attempt to crystalize a religion. It is indigenous like the skin and other vital organs. A new statement every day. * *

The statesman knows that the religious element will not fail any more than the supply of fibrine and chyle, but it is in its nature constructive, and will organize such a church as it wants. * * * *

The curates are ill-paid, and the prelates are over-paid. This abuse draws into the church the children of the nobility, and other unfit persons, who have a taste for expense. Thus a bishop is only a surpliced merchant. Through his lawn I can see the bright buttons of the shopman's coat glitter. A wealth like that of Durham, almost makes a premium on felony. Brougham, in a speech in the House of Commons, on the Irish elective franchise, said, "How will the reverend bishops of the other house be able to express their due abhorrence of the crime of perjury, who solemnly declare in the presence of God, that when they are called upon to accept a living of £4,000 a year, at that very instant they are moved by the Holy Ghost to accept the office and administration thereof, and for no other reason whatever?"

The modes of initiating are more damaging than custom-house oaths. The Bishop is elected by the Dean and Prebends of the cathedral. The Queen sends these gentlemen a *cong d'elize*, or leave to elect; but also sends them the name of the person they are to elect. They go into the cathedral, chant and pray, and beseech the Holy Ghost to assist them in their choice; and, after these invocations, invariably find that the dictates of the Holy Ghost agree with the recommendations of the Queen.

The English (and I wish it were confined to them, but 'tis a taint in the Anglo-Saxon blood in both hemispheres), the English and Americans *cant* beyond all other nations. The French relinquish all that industry to them. What is so odious as the polite bows to God, in our books and newspapers? The popular press is flagitious in the exact measure of its sanctimony; and the religion of the day is a theatrical Sinai, where the thunders are supplied by the property-man.

But the *religion* of England—is it the Established Church? No. Is it the sects? No; they are only the perpetuations of some private man's dissent, and are to the Established Church as cabs are to a coach, cheaper and more convenient, but really the same thing. Where dwells the *religion?* Tell me first where dwells electricity, or motion, or thought, or gesture. They do not dwell or stay at all. Electricity cannot be made fast, mortared up and ended like London Monument, or the Tower, so that you shall know where to find it, and keep it fixed, as the English do with their things, for ever more; it is passing, glancing, gesticular; it is a traveller, a newness, a surprise, a secret, which perplexes them and puts them out. Yet if religion be the doing of all good, and for its sake the suffering of all evil, *souffrir de tout le monde et ne faire souffrir personne*, that divine secret has existed in England, from the days of Alfred to those of Romilly, of Clarkson, and Florence Nightingale, and in thousands who have no fame.—*Ibid.*

## OUR DANGER.

[Extract from an article in Blackwood's Magazine, entitled "The Dispute with America."]

It has been remarked as extraordinary, that there is always an American party in this country, but never a British one in America. Our readers will now perceive how this happens. The British people, like their Continental neighbours, have been at war in turn with almost every State in the world, and by long experience have learned to bear rivalry with equanimity. While standing up for our own interests, we are not surprised that other States should as stoutly maintain theirs. Hence we will engage to say, that, even during the heat of the late war, there was not more personal antipathy felt in this country towards the Russians, than has prevailed of late years towards ourselves among the people of the United States. The United States do not yet know their place in the world. In their own hemisphere they have encountered nothing more redoubtable than roaming savages and petty half-breed States falling to pieces of their own accord. Hence the Union has learnt to be arrogant in its policy, and, intoxicated with its really marvellous progress, has come to imagine that it has the world at its feet. The progress of events is destined to explode this delusion. The United States have never yet felt the pressure of Europe—hitherto, Continental Europe might have been non-existent, so far as regards acting as a check upon the policy of the Union; but this State of things will not continue. We need not go over the ground which we discussed at considerable length last month, to show that Europe and America are gradually being brought into closer connection—that the Powers of the Old World will come to take a livelier interest in the affairs of the New—and that in this way the United States will receive a lesson as to their true position in the community of nations, and will come to discover that the British alliance is the best one after all. As the world grows older, the Powers of Europe will appear more and more in Central America; and if a war between England and the United States were now breaking out, the latter Power would probably be mortified to find at its close, that the European Powers had established something more solid than mere protectorates in the countries of the Isthmus. If England be forced to go to war with the Union, she need not go alone. She does not require assistance to maintain her dignity and rights, but she would not want alliances were she to seek them on the Continent of Europe. The overbearing spirit of American diplomacy has become intolerable to many of the European States; and France and the Western Powers especially, recognise in its policy towards the weak States of Central America, a perfect parallel to the recent aggressions of Russia upon Turkey, which Europe found necessary to resist by means of a general coalition. A similar European coalition will, in due time, if its arrogant policy be not discontinued, be formed against the American Union. Any war about the affairs of Central America must greatly accelerate the progress of events in this direction; and, for the sake of averting any such contest, by teaching the Americans moderation, we beg them to look ahead and consider into what difficulties their present policy is likely to lead them.

Passing by the enlistment question—which, though now looming large, is a mere symptom of a deeper seated complaint—an effort to get up a cause of quarrel, with the view of gratifying a preëxisting enmity—let us consider the grand source of the offence which the United States give to other powers (namely, its arrogant policy), as manifested in the Central American question. There is no use making many words about the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. That treaty was designed to meet a special end—namely, to prevent Great Britain and the Union coming to loggerheads by asserting counter-pretensions to certain parts of the then projected line of transit across the Isthmus. The treaty bound both the contracting parties to make no settlements in Central America—which term was then used to signify the provinces immediately adjoining to the Isthmus, and did not apply to British Honduras at all. The Americans had no settlements in that part of America to abandon; and, during the negotiation of the treaty, they made no demand for the abandonment by us of our settlements. And so the treaty was concluded, and both parties felicitated themselves on having dope good service to the cause of commerce and humanity, by thus agreeing to guarantee (so far as they were concerned) the reign of peace in perpetuity in the important transit-region between the two oceans. . . . . .

Britain has possessions in North America as large as the whole territories of the Union—so has Russia; Spain, France, Denmark, Holland, have possessions in the Gulf of Mexico and South America, and Portugal has never lost the allegiance of Brazil. But, putting these things out of sight, and trampling contemptuously on Mexico and other feebler States, it is demanded that the New World shall be set aside as the special spoil and heritage of the United States! We need not dwell on the preposterous character of the demand. As long indeed as it remains a mere maxim, a theory, a "notion," the British nation cares not a straw about it. We are much too sensible and matter-of-fact a people to quarrel about empty words or political moonshine. But if the United States are resolved to carry out their theory, and to do so *at our expense*, that is a very different matter. Notwithstanding all their rancour towards us, and their belief that England is ever on the watch to thwart their progress, we feel persuaded that the British nation has no desire to impede the southward extension of the Union; nay, even if that extension took place by means which we did not wholly approve, still we would not necessarily feel called upon to interfere. What we object to is, the attack which the United States are directing against our own possessions in Central America, with the design avowedly, of trying to eject us whenever they can muster courage and strength enough for the attempt. Let them cease from this arrogant and indefensible line of policy, and the question is at once settled.

But mark what must spring from the assertion of the overbearing "Monroe doctrine." Britain is not the only power menaced by these pretentions of the United States to exclusive right over the territories of the New World.

All the other European Powers who have possessions in that hemisphere are similarly menaced. Repeated lawless attacks upon Cuba have made Spain sufficiently alive to the fact; while the sagacious ruler of France not only perceives it, and resents the indignity which the arrogant policy of the Union offers to other States, but we have no doubt is quite ready to enact a remedy, and repeat in the West that process of righting the balance which has just been applied to Russia in the East. We have no desire to see England taking part in a coalition for such a purpose, and she never will do so unless the United States Government lose its senses and drive her into it. The friendly alliance of the United States is one which we prize above measure. In this country there is little or none of the angry jealousy towards the States which prevails in the States towards us; and were a war to take place between the two countries, it would be universally regarded by the British as a national calamity. It would be regretted, not merely from commercial motives, but as a wound to our generous feelings, and to every native predilection of the British heart. In the United States, on the other hand, while commercially the war would be even more regretted than with us—as a question of national feeling, we are sorry to think that it would be regarded with positive satisfaction. If war entailed on them no burdens and dangers, the United States people would go to war with us at once; whereas, even were we certain of winning all the successes, and getting all the expenses of the war repaid, the British people would still seek, as far as possible, to avoid the conflict. Such is the different temper of the two nations. United by the closest ties of blood, we yet find one of them eager to fight the other, if it can but do so cheaply and successfully; whereas, no considerations but those of self-defence will prevail on the other to fight at all. Once the United States emerge from their state of isolation, and enter fairly into the lists of the world, they will better reciprocate our kindly feelings. Hitherto, as we have said, they have existed apart from the general community of nations; and finding England as their only rival in their own sphere, they have come to regard her with embittered enmity. It did not matter that England—for instance, in the Canadian and Oregon boundary questions—was most moderate and yielding. If *she had not been there*, the Union would have got still more—immeasurably more. It is the old story of Haman and Mordecai: "All these things profit me nothing," says the Union, "as long as England sits with me in the same continent!" There can be but one cure for this kind of enmity, and that is the progress of events, the gradual *rapprochement* of the Old and New Worlds, the appearance of other European Powers in strength in the Gulf of Mexico, and, as a consequence of bickerings and negotiations with them, the enlightenment of the United States as to their true position and affinities in regard to us and other natious of the world. That time will come, and with it must come a change of sentiments towards England on the part of a large portion of the now United, but perhaps then sundered, States of America. There is no logic like the logic of events; and a hostile pressure from some other Power, or coalition of Powers, upon the American Union, will be the first thing that will make it revise its opinions, and begin to draw closer to the side of England. All union between States is the result of external pressure. Brothers may quarrel as long as they have no one to fight with but themselves, but when each begins to have alien enemies of his own, they soon draw together. As soon as the United States become thus circumstanced, they will cease from their Anglophobia, but never effectually till then. Meanwhile, we trust that, for their own sakes as well as ours, if they will not learn from us the spirit of friendship, they will, at least, not force us from our attitude of forbearance.

## THE WRONG MAN.

But to add to the zest of this up-the-Mississippi trip you must know that the good boat Northern Belle also bore as one of her passengers the veritable Longfellow. The Historical Society had extended to the poet an invitation to be present at the corner-stone laying, and a distinctly marked trunk, "H. W. Longfellow," coming on board, settled the fact that the author of Hiawatha was one of our number. But which is he? was the oft repeated question; and none answered except to guess. At the table each one was looking most intently at the other, to divine which was the poet, and all wondered why every one stared so. This man was pronounced the poet because he wore a mustache; that one because he shaved clean; and we noted that the fact as to who was Longfellow was settled either by the excess or lack of hair. This doubt in a few hours became unendurable, and the universal cry was to "trot out" Longfellow. Finally, by the aid of the clerk, the number of his state room was ascertained to be 30, and a guard placed at either door of 30 so that no one could escape thence undetected. Soon the door opened, and Longfellow passed to the deck, where were assembled the curious. It was arranged that an old Virginia major, who had faced the red men in their most savage days at Fort Snelling, should draw from the mysterious passenger an admission that he was the poet Longfellow. The major, by his age and fund of information regarding the Indians, was a priviliged character on board, and stepping up to the occupant of 30, slapped him on the shoulder with—

"Well, old chap, they say you are Longfellow,"

"That is my name, sir," was the answer.

"Well," persevered the major, "are you H. W. Longfellow?"

"I am," replied the now observed of all observers.

"Well," continued the major, "are you Longfellow the author of—, of—, what do you call it?"

"Hiawatha!" replied a dozen voices.

"Oh, yes! are you H. W. Longfellow, author of Hiawatha?"

All eyes were now riveted upon him of state-room 30, for the answer to so direct a question must determine the interesting query. We leave our readers to imagine the scene, when the close-questioned occupant of 30 said:

"I am H. W. Longfellow, a shoemaker at St. Paul."

You had better believe, that "curiosity was sewed up with a waxed end" in a very short space of time by that reply; a shower of "lap stones" could not more effectually have scattered that party; they started to their feet as if sitting on a "bristle." The "Song of Hiawatha," of which at least twenty copies had, up to that moment, been constantly open, vanished into satchels, and the poetry of the trip was suddenly changed into the matter-of-fact article of shoe-leather.—*Correspondence of the Cleaveland Herald.*

Ruskin on Second-rate Poets.—I admit two orders of poets, but no third; and by these two orders I mean the Creative (Shakspeare, Homer, Dante) and Reflective or Perceptive (Wordsworth, Keats, Tennyson). But both of these must be *first*-rate in their range, though their range is different; and with poetry second rate *quality* no one ought to be allowed to trouble mankind. There is quite enough of the best—much more than